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NOV -6 1959

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Screenland

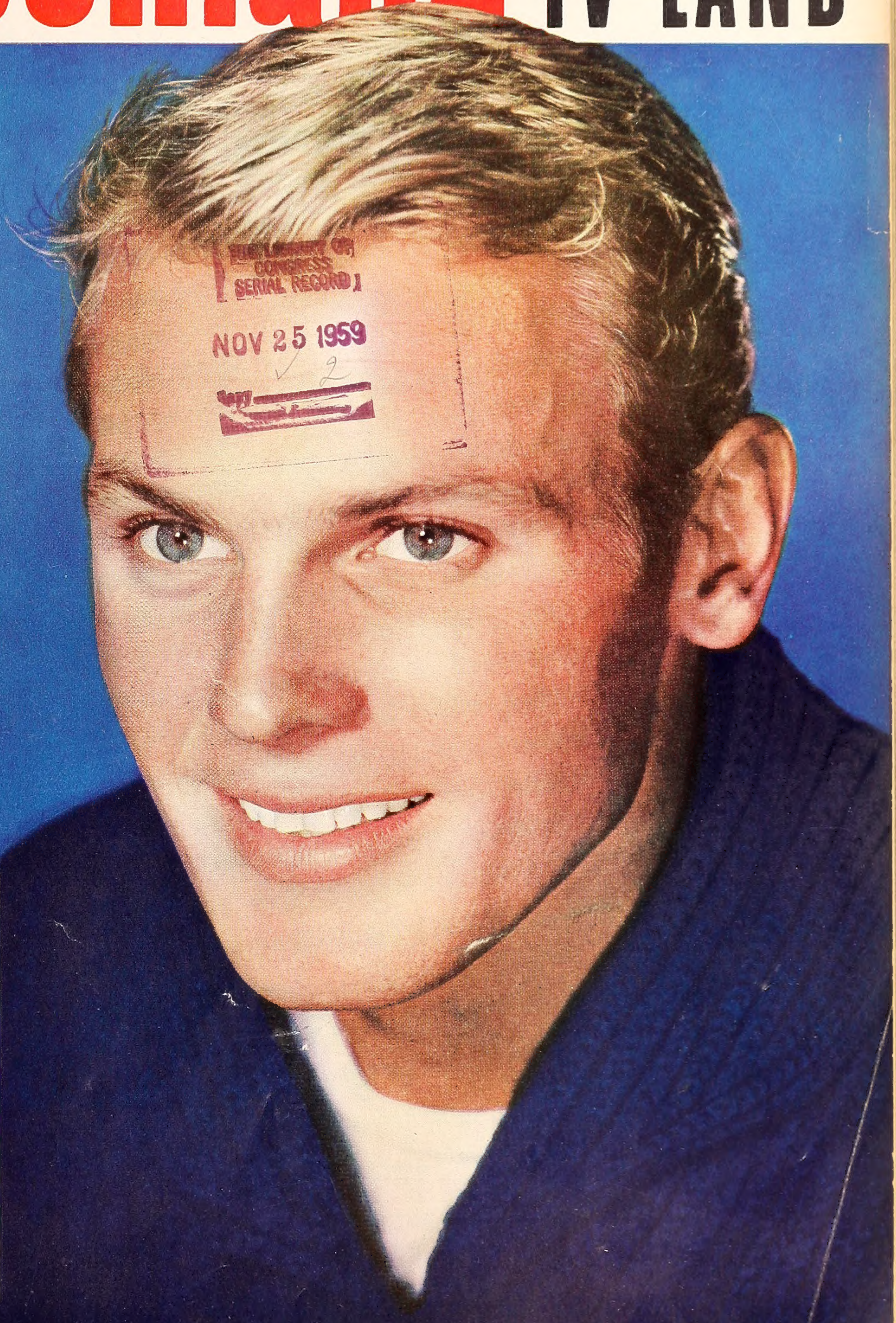
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(See p. 24 for details)



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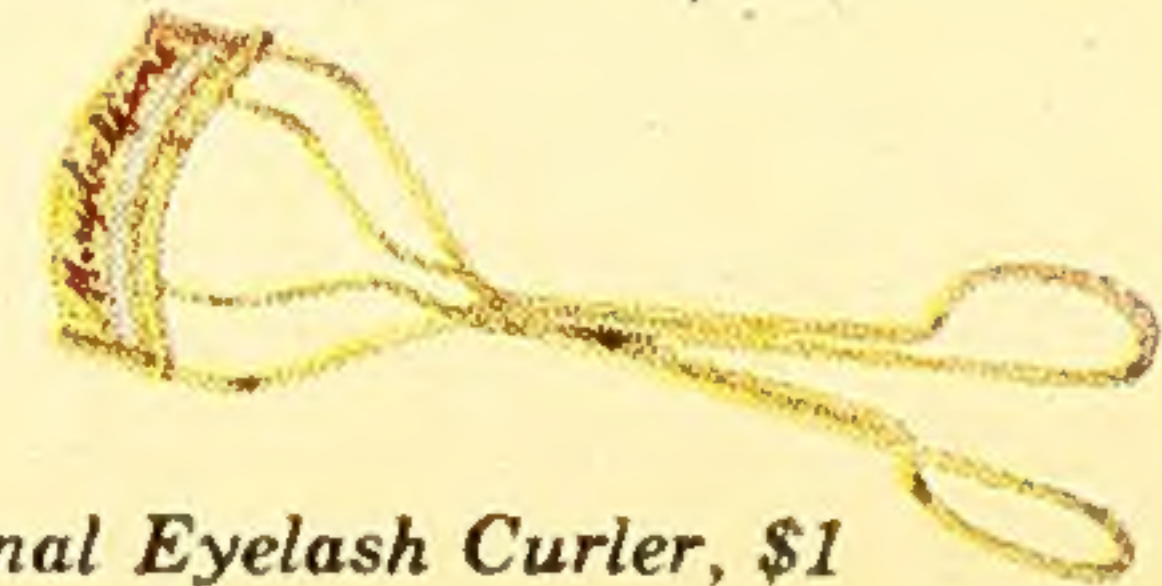
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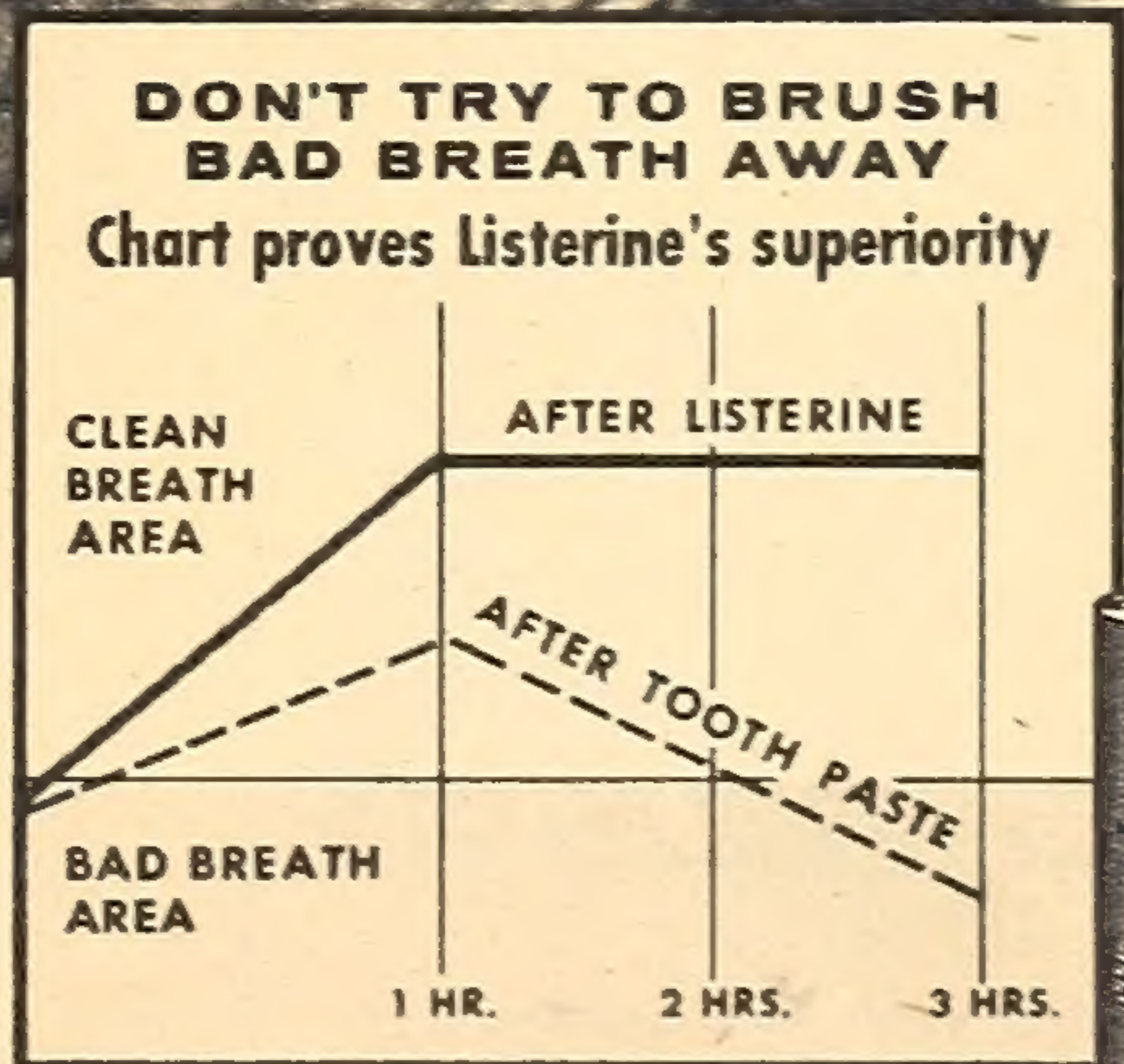
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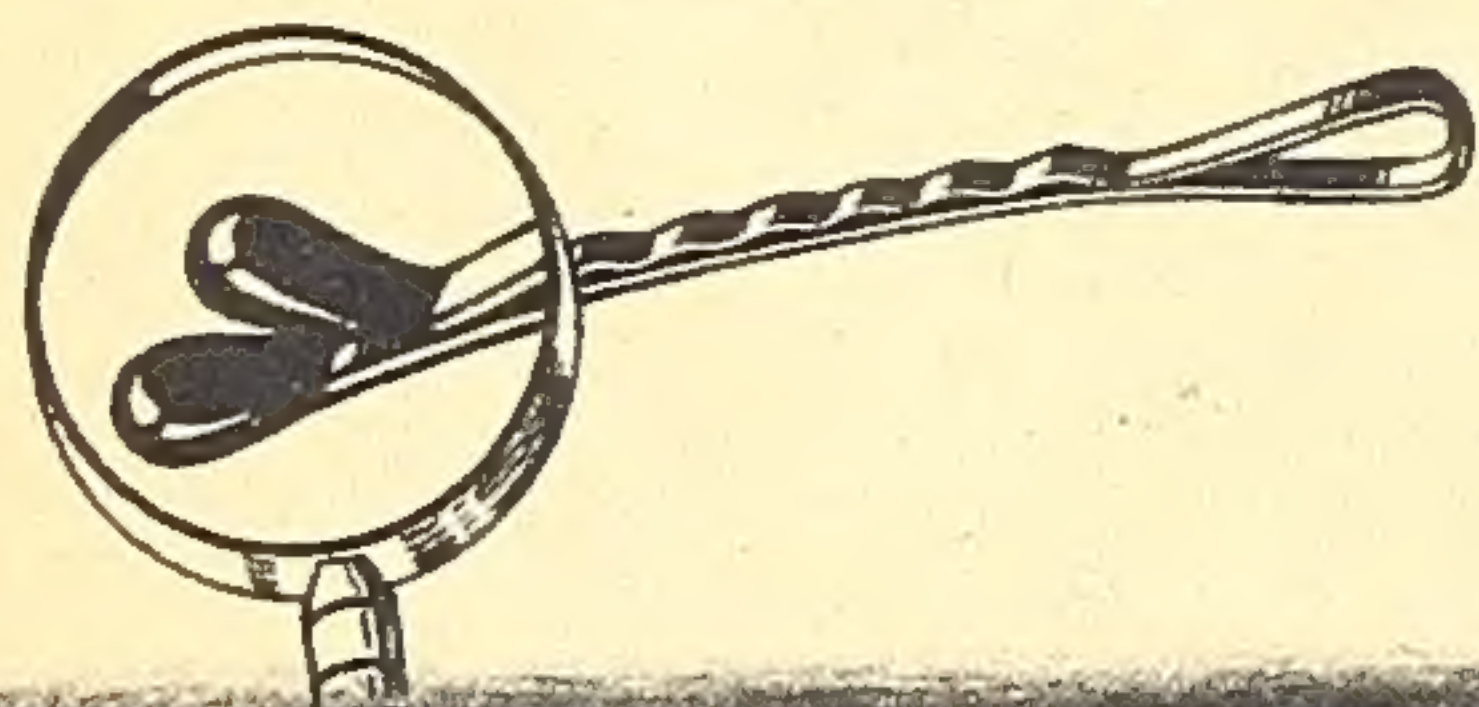


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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 61, No. 3

November, 1959

IRA PECK V.P.-EDITOR
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 *
 * *Questions* *
 * *answered* *
 * *on becoming* *
 * *a woman* *

Q. My friends have already started on their monthly days. Why haven't I?

A. Some girls may begin to have their monthly periods at 9 or 10 years; some not until 15 or 16. There's no set rule. It all depends on individual growth and development. If you haven't started by 16, however, why not see your doctor?

Q. Must I feel blue at certain times of the month?

A. As you learn more about your monthly cycle, you will realize that "blues" are only temporary. Just don't give in to them. *Take your mind off yourself*—Do things you enjoy doing. Get into loose clothing—Feel free. Smart girls won't wear anything that binds on those days. They prefer wearing Tampax because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. It helps them forget a difference in days of the month.

Q. How should I act on a date during my period?

A. As you would any other time of the month. Your naturalness and discreetness will prevent embarrassment. Be sure to change your protection as often as necessary. Keep extras out of sight in your handbag. You'll appreciate Tampax® because it tucks away in a tiny purse. You'll like it, too, because it prevents odor from forming. Banishes other telltale signs—lines and bulges. Ends chafing, too.

Q. When can I start to use Tampax?

A. Every normal girl, married or single, can use Tampax as soon as she is completely matured. Its use is approved by doctors. Girls usually turn to it after friends tell them of its many advantages. As a new user, you will quickly learn how easy it is to insert and change. And how dainty, too. You'll especially like the way it keeps you feeling poised, confident—as on any other time of the month.

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Tab Hunter to switch to virile Western roles
- Jim Garner's last year as Maverick?



DIAMONDS really are a girl's best friend, and we do mean the diamond heart Debbie Reynolds received from Bob Neal, in addition to the diamond brooch that received so much publicity. I can't vouch for Debbie, but Bob's intentions are serious. . . . And pretty Connie Towers isn't doing too badly on the diamond front, with new mate Gene McGrath showering her with the dazzling stuff—in the way he poured gems into the lap of previous bride, Terry Moore. I hope Connie gets to keep hers. Terry didn't. . . . Shari Sheeley, the 18-year-old who wrote Ricky Nelson's biggest record hit, "Poor Little Fool," is swooning for Liberty Recording star Eddie Cochran. Shari originally dittoed for Ricky, but this boy is hard to corral.

Marlon Brando gave Suzy Parker's mate, Pierre de la Salle, a photographic scoop for his Paris Match magazine, although Life and Look were prepared to pay a fortune for the privilege. "He's a friend of my husband's," Suzy explained. . . . Paul Newman is supposed to remain with "Sweet Bird Of Youth," the Broadway play, until January, but now he just can't wait to get back to Hollywood—

which he couldn't wait to leave earlier.

Love this story told me by Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the bright star of "77 Sunset Strip." "My wife took up tennis because everyone plays here. Someone told Jack Warner she was a tennis player and he invited her to join the annual tournament at his home. 'I've only had a couple of lessons,' she warned him. He insisted. She played, partnered with champion Tony Trabert. They lost every game," Efrem sighed. It can happen. When I first came to Hollywood I was partnered with Alice Marble, then champion of the world. We lost.

Most unusual. The 18-year-old singer, Frankie Avalon, was signed for the Alan Ladd picture, "Guns Of The Timberland," and he actually gets to sing two numbers in the film. Singers usually don't—especially in a dramatic picture. . . . James Garner assures me positively this coming season is his last with "Maverick." "Always leave 'em wanting more," explains James, who will have starred in the series for three years by the time he quits in the late spring of 1960.

British actor Roger Moore was looking for a theme song for his new series, "The

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ENROUTE to Italy, Gina Lollobrigida and Dr. Skofic dine at New York's Harwyn Club.



BACK after a long stay in Europe, Charlton Heston gets local news from Hope Lange.

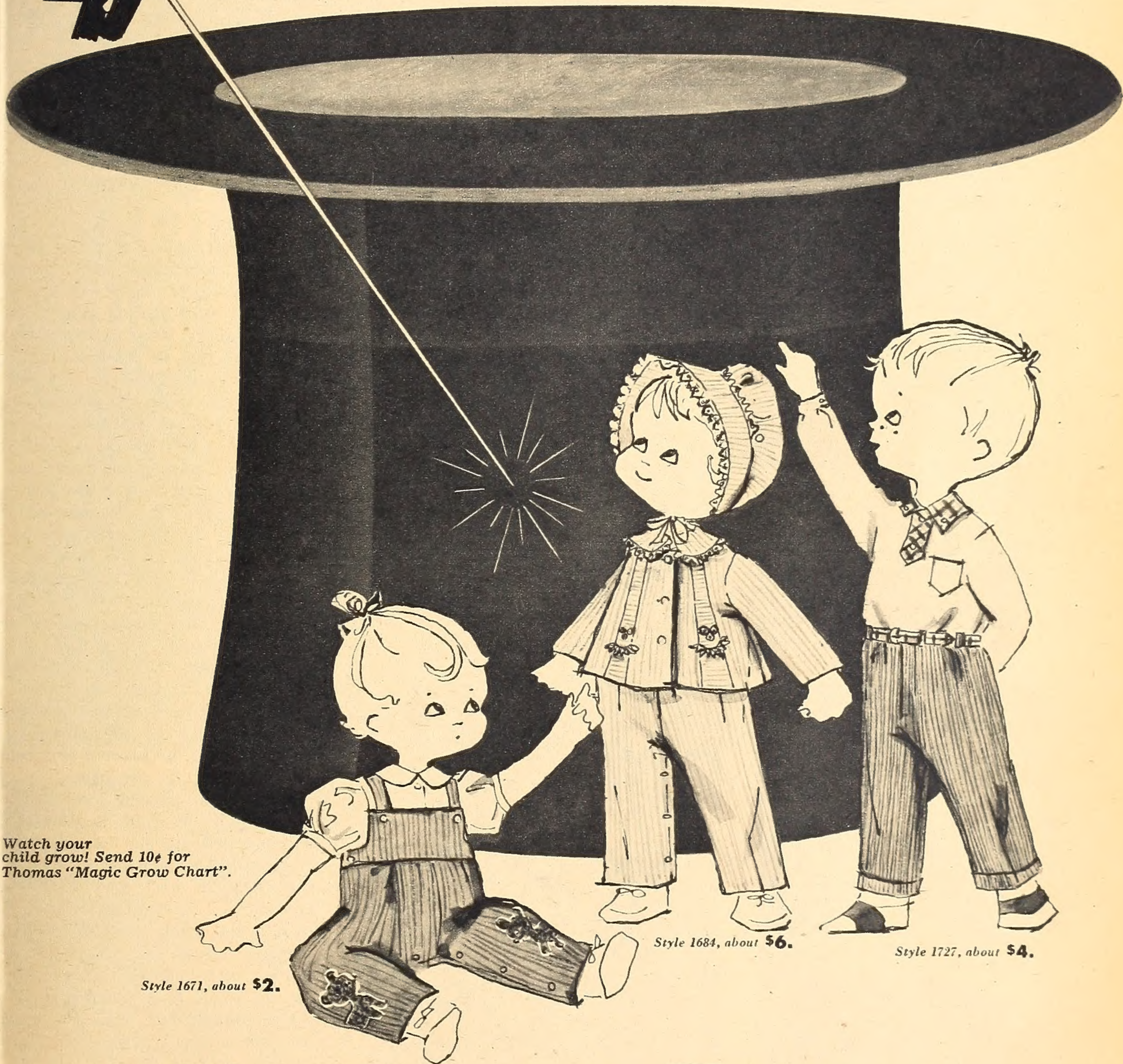
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...from "Layettes to Playettes"

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Alaskans." "How about 'Park In My Parka,'" said I. Okay, so the sun got me. . . . 16-year-old Alana Ladd with her father's coloring and her mother's mouth-line, will go full steam ahead with an acting career. Ditto younger brother David, but the boy can emote only during vacation time.

Quote from a London newspaper—Gregory Peck: "California is only wonderful if you're an orange." I doubt whether he really said this—or he might have been joking. . . . Greg, incidentally, is feuding with director Willie Wyler because of the extra million dollars Willie poured into their partnership picture, "The Big Country." When a picture costs too much it's hard to realize a profit. . . . Same happened with Gary Cooper's "Ten North Frederick." His salary and percentage were so high, the film broke even but nothing more. . . . I always love to hear Gary say how hard up he is. Ditto Joel McCrea and Fred MacMurray. The trio are all millionaires many times over. . . . And we should all be as "broke" as Joan Crawford who has zillions and a new career as a top business woman.

Brigitte Bardot makes many pictures in Spain, but her pictures are taboo there. They don't go for anything that shows the female form divine. Whereas in England they don't go for violence—but this is fine in bullfighting Spain. . . . Watch the smoke of 19-year-old actor George Hamilton who came to Hollywood with \$90 in his pocket and crashed to stardom with Robert Mitchum in "Home From The Hill." I should add that Hamilton's mother has a super home in Palm Beach and that the boy drives around in a seven passenger Rolls Royce. He should go far in this town where too many people have become too frightened of being different.

Robert Young, who plays an insurance



FILM chores over, Mitzi Gaynor relaxes at the Harwyn Club with husband Jack Bean.

executive in "Father Knows Best," has always believed in insurance, and owns 25 policies of one sort or another. Insurance companies adore him.

You had to see it to believe it, Her Grace Kelly dancing the Charleston while hubby Prince Rainier banged the drums, at the Monaco party in honor of his 36th birthday. I still have a feeling that one day Grace will return to moviemaking. . . . Liberace told them in London that he would love to marry, "only I'm so terribly fickle." Why not try it and see, Lee. . . . Jayne Mansfield is the only star, female gender, at 20th who has a permanent dressing room on the lot. But Jaynie would rather have good dramatic pictures. "I've had it as a vital statistic," giggles Jayne.

Since "Gigi," Louis Jourdan's asking price is \$50,000 a week. . . . Rosalind Russell talking about career girls in real life, "They never end up with Cary Grant or Fred MacMurray, they end up with nothing." How disillusioning. . . . James Garner's philosophy, "I never worry about money, I worry about my career, because with career comes money." James has a brand new seven-year contract at Warners—with more money. . . . Talking of Warners, they have a rule, no two stars in the same TV show can fly in the same plane. So that when Efrem Zimbalist and sidekick Edd "Kookie" Byrnes went East for personal appearances, Efrem was taken off the jet and put on a prop plane. "But I arrived in New York 19 hours before Edd," gloated Efrem.

I hope Audrey Hepburn is spending the summer resting, as the doctor ordered. There is nothing immediate on Audrey's working schedule. (She stars in "Fanny" with Maurice Chevalier early next year.) And she hopes the stork will come calling again. . . . Joan Crawford's eldest adopted daughter, Christine, now 19, has been living in her own apartment for the past two and a half years. In between studying to be an actress, Christine has



PRINCE Rainier and Princess Grace plan a trip to America but won't visit Hollywood.



FANS focus attention on Shirley MacLaine looking her most glamorous at a premiere

toiled at a number of things, including waiting at table. Nothing to be ashamed of in this—Joan herself earned money as a waitress while waiting to be a star.

Rod Steiger joins the exclusive band of millionaires in Hollywood. His percentage of "Al Capone" will earn him more than a million. Rod almost didn't make the picture—insisted on a rewrite. He was obviously right. . . . Most women when they dance, place the palm of their left hand on the right shoulder of their man. But Kim Novak puts her whole arm across the partner's back with her hand resting on his left shoulder. Try sometime, very cosy and guaranteed to get you together. . . . In Yul Brynner's stamp collection he has one signed by ex-dictator Batista. He is still hoping for a signed stamp from Queen Elizabeth of England. I wish him luck.

Rosalind Russell insisted on son Lane earning his car. The 16-year-old boy has been spending the summer as a copy boy on a Los Angeles newspaper. . . . Elizabeth Taylor is showing some grey among the black of her hair. And Eddie Fisher has admitted that his romance and marriage with Elizabeth has hurt his career. But adds, "I don't care." Whom is he kidding? . . . Looks like love for Robert Horton and Cindy Robbins—as of going to press that is. . . . Alan Young, who starts a daily television show in the fall, has the whole thing planned so he won't get as exhausted as when he was on TV in 1950 to '53. "I'll tape two shows on Monday, two on Tuesday, one on Wednesday, and loaf the rest of the week." Alan called to tell me. Sounds good, he doesn't collapse before Thursday.

Katharine Hepburn and Alec Guinness

continued on page 8

for a
jewel
of a
figure!



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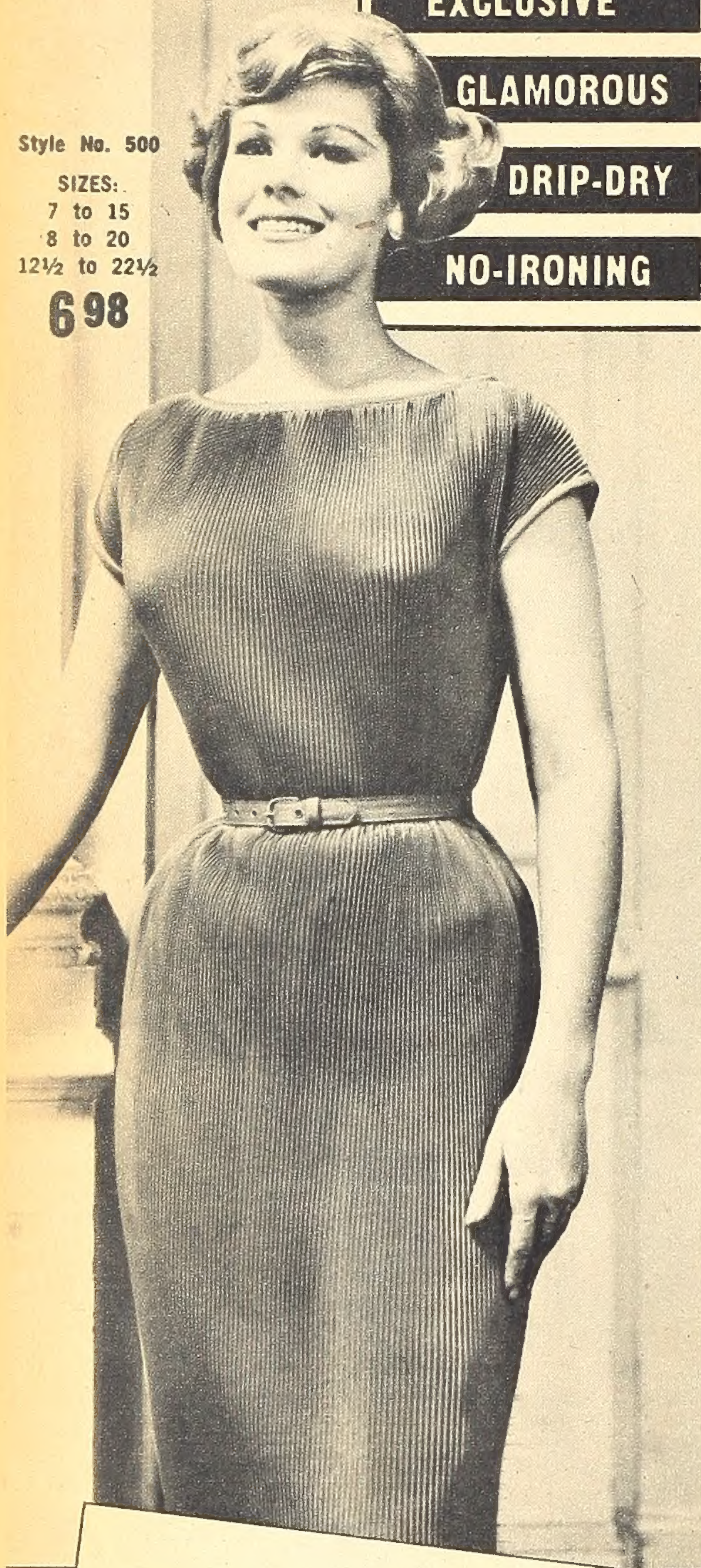
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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Pillow Talk

A HONEY of a comedy set to music with Rock Hudson and Doris Day preoccupied with the universal diversion of sex. Lover boy Hudson, who spends whatever free time remains on songwriting, shares a party-line telephone with interior decorator Doris. Sight unseen, they carry on a feud, accusing each other of tying up the phone. By-standers to these vocal hatchet sessions are Tony Randall, Hudson's best friend, who wants Doris as his fourth bride, and Thelma Ritter, the vodka-swilling char who eavesdrops on phone conversations. When he and Doris meet, accidentally, Hudson doesn't dare reveal his true identity. To insure his magnificent wolfing record, he becomes a guileless, drawling Texan and waits for results. With some of the catchiest movie music in years, some of it sung by Hudson, this Eastman color love campaign is a delectable tidbit of gamey humor. (Universal-International.)

But Not For Me

A GE IS a wonderful catalyst, balancer, and, at times, the unwelcomed thing that stares back in a mirror. With theatrical impresario Clark Gable, however, age is an offensive word. As ex-wife

Lili Palmer put it in one of the soaring moments of dialogue: "He's the only man who's been reincarnated while he's still alive." Facing bankruptcy because of a combination of high-living and money, Gable is desperate for a hit play. To bridge the crisis, alcoholic playwright Lee J. Cobb, and Gable's secretary, Carroll Baker, are bamboozled into giving their all. For Cobb, that means going to the wagon, and for Carroll, she not only gives the play its inspiration but also its star. No 22-year-old could ask anything more—except Gable thrown. Carroll is just about to achieve Nirvana when young actor Barry Coe waves muscles and vigor. Delightful and slick treatment of the possibilities when a young girl falls in love with a man at least years her senior. (Paramount.)

That Kind Of Woman

ELEGANT though her mode of living is, it lacks a certain dimension kept woman Sophia Loren. Soon after meeting paratrooper Tab Hunter, enroute to a wartime overseas base, Sophia's world of material possession gets a thorough shaking up. After all, a girl does spend the more profitable years of her life associating with a wealthy sophisticate like George Sanders then chuck it

continued on page



YOUNG Carroll Baker pursues middle-aged Clark Gable in comedy, "But Not For Me."



BARBARA Nichols and Sophia Loren have a little fun in "That Kind Of Woman"

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell secretly wed?

★ Something new for the girls—Gardner McKay

NOT YET—Hollywood was really "shook up" by rumors that Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell were secretly married. We saw Millie while she was testing for "The Story Of Ruth" and she vehemently denied the marriage story. "Perhaps we may marry but certainly not within a year," said she emphatically. While she was on tour for "Diary Of Anne Frank," Dean found a little house for her to rent in a quiet, secluded area of the Hollywood Hills. But it's so tiny it certainly would not do for a honeymoon house!

SCARY WELCOME—Fabian really had a fabulous reception when he arrived at Los Angeles Airport. Actually, it was terrifying. Local disc jocks had announced when he was to arrive, hundreds of fans appeared, mobbed him. He and two studio representatives were in a police car with two policemen. Fans converged on the car and it couldn't move for half an hour. Kids beating on the car windows finally broke one, even though it was safety glass. A girl was cut, a glass

shard flew in Fabian's eye and only then would the mob fall back and let the car out to take the girl and Fabian to an emergency hospital! Fabian had a long-standing promise of a date here with old friend Annette Funicello. But later he met Carol Lynley, his co-star in "Hound Dog Man" and they flipped for each other. They've been doing the movie-and-ice-cream-soda routine. This will not be happy news to Brandon de Wilde back in New York; he and Carol became steady daters when they made "Blue Denim."

HEART-THROB—Gardner McKay has been deluged with fan mail since he had that cover and story in Life and the mail has included many, many proposals of marriage. "Some of them are very poetic," he admits. He has such a rugged work schedule for his TV series, "Adventures In Paradise"—often on the set until 8 or 9 p.m.—that he's been confining dates to weekends. Most of his dates are photographic models but he's had a few dinner dates with Joan Collins who's the lead in one of his TV shows.



DATINGEST teenager is Tuesday Weld, here out with Dennis Hopper and Mark Damon

(There's a different leading lady in each one.) But Joan's big romance continues to be producer George Englund. He likes tennis, so Joan has been taking lessons and also bought herself some very fancy tennis clothes.

SMART—May Wynne decided she was tired of being a "golf widow" while her husband Jack "Maverick" Kelly played with his chums on weekends. So she took lessons and now she plays with "the boys." A natural athlete, she already plays a good game. "I'm smart enough not to beat Jack, but I can come close," she confides. May was offered a "Maverick" lead but turned it down; she would have played opposite Jim Garner and she'll wait for one with her husband.

RECONCILED—Vic Damone went to New York to greet Pier Angeli who has agreed to a reconciliation; she and so Perry had been in Europe. Vic presented her with a gold necklace and bracelet hung with hearts, each engraved with "memorable occasion" in their lives. Then he took Pier and Perry to Florida for vacation and phoned friends here to say "We've never been so happy."

BUSY TUESDAY—Just about the datingest teenager in town is Tuesday Weld. Since last we reported, she's had dates with Barry Coe, whose romance with Judy Meredith is all over; with Tab Hunter who's been taking her to horse shows with Paul Anka, the young singer who's in "The Private Lives Of Adam And Eve" with Tuesday, and with Fabrizio Mioni who's in "Blue Angel."

BUSINESS FIRST—May Britt and her husband, Edward Gregson, had planned a trip to Sweden after she finished "Blue Angel," so he might meet her family there. But her studio asked her to do a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour to plug the picture, so the trip to Sweden must wait.



BRIGITTE Bardot and Jacques Charrier are happy honeymooners at French resort town.



NEWLYWEDS Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac had knot tied in far off Hong Kong.

continued on page 62



“I’ve just learned my ABC’s about SCREENLAND” says **DICK CLARK** star of ABC-TV’s “American Bandstand” and the forthcoming “Dick Clark’s World of Talent”.

Watch for Dick, soon to star in a movie produced by Drexel Pictures and distributed by Columbia Pictures.

“I enjoy reading movie magazines like Screenland,” says TV and screen star Dick Clark, “and I was interested to learn that the letters ABC stand for Audit Bureau of Circulations, (as well as the ABC Network) an organization of publishers, advertisers and advertising agencies that eliminates circulation guesswork. Screenland’s ABC membership makes a better magazine for you and me.”

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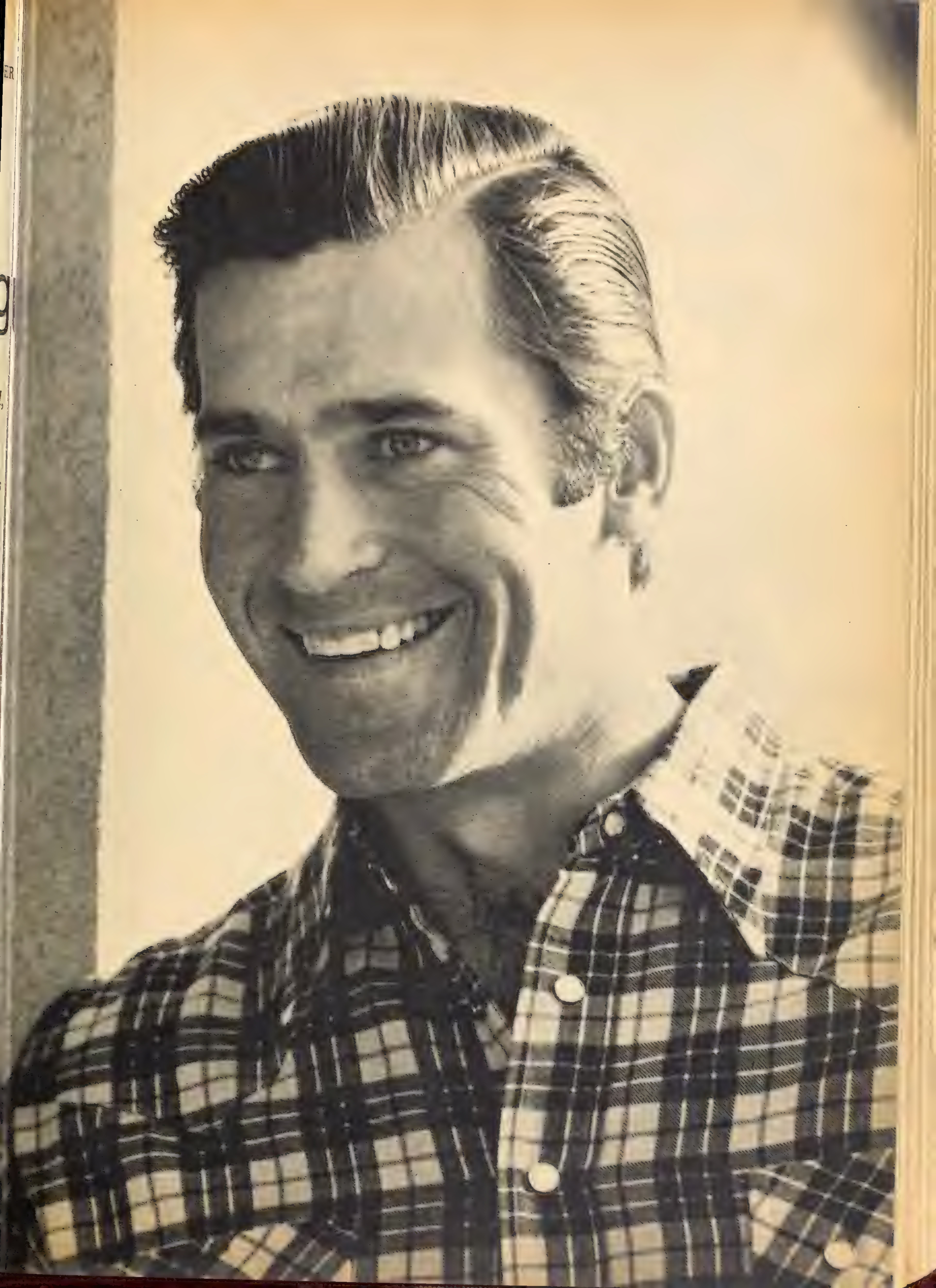
GOLD MINING in Northern California occupied Clint, his wife Lucille, and daughter Valerie, 10, during his year's suspension.

HIGH ON A secluded, sun-crowned hill overlooking southern San Fernando Valley stood Clint Walker's new rambling green modern home. A light orchid Cadillac sedan was in the driveway. A specially rigged four-wheel-drive International carryall—the same one which Clint had driven into the wilds of Northern California during his year of self-imposed exile from Burbank's sound stages—was in the breezeway, in front of his newly-equipped garage workshop. Alongside the metallic blue carryall was the alloy clipper motorcycle, the dirt bike he had used to forge through trackless mountain terrain where the truck could not pass.

It could be seen at a glance that Clint enjoyed much greater privacy and many more creature comforts than when he had lived in the teeming lowlands of North Hollywood. Unquestionably, the tall, taciturn comeback star of TV's "Cheyenne" and of the current Warner picture, "Yellowstone Kelly," had gone up in the world since being restored to the studio payroll. But it also was readily apparent that the prodigal had not chosen to celebrate his return with any startling graduation in his standard of living. He had moved into a pleasant suburban neighborhood—but it was no outpost of movie star opulence like Beverly Hills or Royal Oaks.

In an age of status seekers, in perhaps the world's capital of status worship, there was beguiling evidence that Clint Walker was a dogged social phenomenon—a status scoffer. This impression was bolstered when no maid and no butler but Clint himself came to the door. His tousled dark brown hair and the beads of perspiration on his forehead showed that he had been interrupted from household chores. Even

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DORIS DAY SAYS:

“Never be lonely”

*The time we spend by ourselves
can be some of the most precious time
of our lives, says Doris,
who tells how she beat loneliness*

By HELEN HENDRICKS

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



STUDYING script of their new picture, “Pillow Talk,” Doris and Rock Hudson look all business. It was first time they’d teamed.

IT WAS ON the loneliest afternoon of her life that Doris Day met George Washington.

It was the general, himself . . . Father of His Country . . . master of Mount Vernon . . . who turned Doris’s most miserable hour into a marvelous adventure and who showed her that she never need be lonely again.

Sounds crazy? Maybe . . . just a little. But, actually, when you’ve heard the story, you’ll discover with Doris that to meet George Washington is perfectly possible and that no one . . . no one at all . . . is ever really alone.

“Each of us,” Doris says today, recalling her experience, “is in a world filled with marvelous opportunities for learning, for friendships, and for happiness. I firmly believe that all things work for our good, including occasional solitude. And the time that we spend by ourselves can be some of the most precious time of our lives.”

But Doris hadn’t reached this conclusion on the day she met George Washington.

She met the general in Fraunces’ Tavern in New York, an ironic place for an introduction, since it is famous for a farewell—Washington’s farewell to his army. When Doris met him, he didn’t walk up and tip his hat and say, “I beg your pardon, but I’m George Washington.” The introduction was a lot more subtle than that but, in the long run, more effective.

How did Doris happen to be in Fraunces’ Tavern on a dismal, tear-tempting day? She’d come there in flight from four very dull walls of a very lonely hotel room. She’d come to escape from the solitude which she has since learned to appreciate.

“When anybody asks me,” says Doris, “when in my life I’ve been loneliest, I instantly think of an engagement in New York, singing with Les Brown’s band.

“We were there for eight weeks, and for the first few days, I was miserable. Naturally, I was thrilled to sing with such a fine orchestra, but after the lonely hours I experienced at first, the thrill wore awfully thin. I became very depressed.”

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RECALLING now her loneliness when singing with Les Brown's band in New York, Doris can smile, but then it was no fun.

When you study Doris Day, it's hard to think of her connection with depression. Her lively face is full of good humor. The way she walks, the way she handles herself is bouyant.

But, if you say you can't imagine her ever being downhearted, she'll assure you that she was.

"I was terribly lonely," she reaffirms, "when I first got New York with Les Brown.

Doris had traveled with bands before. She was familiar with the long, jarring rides in chartered buses, with hotel room windows fronting strange streets, meals unshared. These weren't new.

"But," she says, "in New York I was lonelier than usual. In the first place, I was the only girl with the band. Further, I stayed at the hotel where we were appearing, but the boys in the band stayed clear across town. I didn't get to see them except when we were working. And for eight weeks it was going to be like this."

On the first morning of her New York engagement, Doris arose languidly, dressed slowly (two processes far from typical of zestful Doris Day) and spent as much time as possible eating breakfast.

THEN, having eaten, she had nothing to do until late afternoon. She changed the polish on her nails. She read the morning papers, and then she went for a walk.

"I always have liked walking," Doris interjects.

And as she walked she became dreadfully aware: every one . . . everyone on the streets seemed to know someone else. She was the exception. New York isn't the one that's called the City of Brotherly Love, but it seemed to Doris that every one she passed had at least one friend.

At the magazine stand, two men exchanged greetings over the sports pages, and, as they entered an office building, they were still talking.

PLAYING patty cake with Rock Hudson on the set of "Pillow Talk," Doris has a fine time.

WARMING up, Rock seems to be getting



a world filled with marvelous opportunities for learning, for friendships and for happiness"

Three girls, coming out of a beauty shop, laughed and chattered. One opened her purse and handed the other a piece of chewing gum.

An old man and woman huddled close together at a bus stop. The old man patted the old woman's hand, and Doris Day swallowed hard. Everyone had someone, but nobody . . . nobody at all . . . paid any attention to her.

She thought of buying a new hat but decided against it. A hat couldn't replace a companion.

"The first day was bad," she remembers, "and the second worse, and by the end of three days, I was wallowing in loneliness. Being alone in a big crowd is worse than being alone in a small one, because in the big crowd you see more people who know other people."

If Doris were naturally a moody person, given to negative thinking, she might have moped and actually sickened during the New York engagement. But any person who has seen her sparkle from the screen knows that Miss Day isn't one to succumb to depression. No siree!

About three o'clock on the afternoon of her third day in town, she clamped a bright, red beret on her bright hair. She lifted her firm, little chin, slipped into her coat, and marched out of her hotel room as though she were going to war. She was. She had just declared war on boredom.

"I thought over my situation," she explains, "and suddenly realized that I was wasting a marvelous opportunity. New York is a fascinating city. Millions of tourists have saved their vacation time and money just to visit it. It's full of historic and cultural attractions, and I was determined to see them all."

Thus resolved, she joined a guided tour, grabbed a fist full of informative brochures, and began the rounds.

"I saw Chinatown and Radio City and the Battery," she smiles, "but the real possibilities of what I was doing didn't sink in until we got to Fraunces' Tavern."

When she first crossed the threshold of the mellow, old hostelry she didn't sense that she was on the edge of discovery. The drone of the guide's voice swept over her, leaving scarcely an impression. But gradually, as she stood in the room where Washington had shared a supper with his officers, where he had told his men good-bye, she became aware of his presence.

"Studying history is like stepping into a bigger world," Doris thinks. "You get to share in a wealth of events that are funny, dramatic, tragic, or romantic, depending on the history you study."

SOAKING up the atmosphere of Fraunces' Tavern, Doris could see stern-faced General Washington, so unaccustomed to a show of emotion, giving way to affection in his farewell handshakes.

The men, themselves, came to life . . . tired, hard-bitten soldiers eager to see their families but reluctant to sever their fraternity of arms.

"Of course," Doris enlarges, "I had known about Washington all my life . . . about throwing the dollar across the Potomac and cutting down the cherry tree . . . but standing in Fraunces' Tavern I felt that I was really getting acquainted with the man."

It was an exhilarating realization. Why, there was no end to the number of friends she could meet during her solitary stay in New York.

"So," Doris continues, "I visited all the interesting places I could crowd into my schedule. I went to art galleries, to museums, to look at monuments. I became well acquainted with all sorts of prominent New Yorkers, Aaron Burr, Nathan Hale, Alexander Hamilton and Washington Irving."

One of the most exciting persons she met was a woman, a royal princess, no less.

"One day, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," she relates,

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big a kick out of kid's game as is Doris.

BOTH Doris and Rock dissolve into laughter as their game of pattycake comes to an end.





Elvis Presley's marriage dilemma

*In his search for a wife, will Elvis be
haunted by the memory of his mother and
demand a woman who is cast in her image?*

IF THERE IS one thing that Corporal Elvis Presley learned while sweating it out with the Army of the United States in Germany it was, to risk an irreverent paraphrasing of the Bible, that man cannot live by Cadillac alone.

It was not his hard-won two stripes, but the cherished accolade of regular guy—more stingingly bestowed, especially to celebrities, than even the Legion of Merit—that was the measure of his achievement in uniform.

The probability is that the recognition that he was regular—in other words, only human—also was the measure of the loneliness he may have managed to conceal from fellow GI's behind a smokescreen of fluttering frauleins, but which he could not conceal from himself when he crawled into his bed at night.

His buddies, of course, thought Elvis had it made. They envied—even if they learned not to begrudge—Elvis the fleet of Cadillacs, the life of a movie star, the eager women, all the glittering trappings of fame that awaited him stateside.

Elvis did not even try to explain, nor perhaps would they have understood if he had, how deeply he in turn envied them. He envied their anonymity—the license of the obscure to live their lives and enjoy their leaves without attracting attention and inviting judgment. But more than anything else, he envied the one thing so many of them had which he did not. Someone to come home to!

For some it was a wife, for others a sweetheart, for still others a mother. But somewhere a woman to come home to, a woman who was dear to them—a woman to cry at the fresh sight of them, to feel a gush of happiness at their well-being, a woman who made a private heroism of being away because she felt it as much on one side of the ocean as her man, or her son, felt it on the other side.

Once Elvis would have been spared that void. Once there was a loving face that never failed to show up when he came home, just as it never failed to moisten with tears when he went away—as it did the day he traded his sideburns and civilian clothes for the uniform of an enlisted man.

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TO ELVIS, earning the accolade of "regular guy" from his Army buddies was even more rewarding than his hard-won two stripes.



LONELINESS which he managed to hide from fellow GI's behind smokescreen of frauleins he couldn't always hide from himself.

MORE than anything else, Elvis envied other GI's the one thing so many of them had which he did not—a woman to come home to.



As a GI and as a man, Elvis inspires the belief he will find a place in his heart for a wife

But that was when Elvis Presley's adored mother was alive. So when Elvis Presley draws his mustering out pay and returns to the ranks of working millionaires, he will be searching—whether he acknowledges it or not—for a girl to make his wife. He has arrived at a stage of manhood where he cannot much longer put off fulfilment, when fly-by-night romances will fool him no more. They will merely light up the fearful emptiness.

He will be like any other man who was sustained by such love as his mother gave him. He will be like any other man who has had his surfeit of an endless variety of all too-willing girls. He will be the servant of his need. And that need is not surging crowds to cheer the returned warrior, but simply someone to come home to.

ALL Prince Charming had to do was find the girl whose foot would nestle into the glass slipper. Compared with Elvis's marriage dilemma, the prince's quest was a breeze. He is faced with the task of fitting a girl—perhaps a girl he has not yet met—to a human personality that will be forever enshrined in his heart.

No, it will not be easy for Elvis Presley to find a wife—and it will not be easy to be his wife.

If Elvis seems to display no uncommon haste for marriage upon his return, it will not necessarily prove that he still has too many wild oats to sow. Nor will the fact that he followed George Washington's doctrine and managed to avoid entangling international alliances necessarily establish a deep-seated aversion to marriage. It is just as possible that these are pieces of evidence supporting his determination to settle for no less than his dad did. A perhaps corny, but nevertheless compelling, emotional pull.

No one could be certain that Elvis is destined to marry an outright mother image. But it would be nonsense to pretend that the image of his mother won't in some significant degree influence his choice, and help determine even to a greater degree his chances for lasting happiness with the girl he finally marries.

For many men caught up in unabating feminine adulation as Presley is, the selection of a bride might be almost impossible. But for Elvis the ultimate decision may not be as difficult as the search itself. That is because he came by his standards long before the magic wand of chance transformed him from a guitar plunking \$35 a week truck driver into a noisily acclaimed national idol.

Long before Elvis was touched by fame, and long after he became its jaunty captive, his mother was the quiet, earthy embodiment of his ideals of womanhood. She was the personification of all that was good in woman. The tears with which the grieving Elvis moistened his mother's early grave were but a slight measure of the engulfing affection in which he held her, and of the profound influence she had on his thinking. His own anguished cries when he knelt at his mother's deathbed warned of his imperishable ties to her.

"Oh God!" he sobbed. "Everything I have is gone. I lived my life for you. I loved you so much."

Then, as friends helped him away from her grave, he turned back with one last, aching glance to weep:

"Good-bye, darling, good-bye."

In that 21-word salute, all that Elvis Presley felt for his mother gushed out. The great, pure, abiding figure of mother love had gone. To Elvis, she had been all that was fine and warm and caring, all that was real and meaningful. All his life this plain, wise, plump woman had been his fortress.



WHATEVER girl gets Elvis will have to be capable of the same kind of understanding and affection that he got from his mother.

When others criticized, she understood. When others doubted, she believed. When he trespassed, she forgave. She loved him unstintingly, and he loved her back the same way—a song whose greatest satisfactions came from repaying her sacrifices with comforts she had never known and with filial devotion that never wavered.

"Mom," he had tearfully promised her as a boy when his dad was a Mississippi sharecropper and they lived from hand to mouth, "someday I'm gonna get us out of all this. I promise you, Ma. I promise."

"I know you will, Son," his mother would kiss him. "I just know you will."

"You wait and see," he would say, "some day I'll make you proud."

"I don't have to wait, Son," she would smile. "You've already made me proud. You're a good boy, Elvis."

EVEN in the first confused flush of acclaim, her love sustained Elvis. When people murmured that Elvis had changed, his mother would snap, "I'd be worried if he hadn't. Success changes people. Failure changes people. Just growing up changes people. I'd be mighty worried if Elvis hadn't changed. He's still changing. I think he's changing real good. I'm real proud of him."

Always he could count on his mother to know how he felt. She saw through to things. She had little education, but she was wise beyond diplomas. Now with her gone there is a question Elvis cannot evade. Will he be able to settle for less in the woman he marries? Can he help subconsciously

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Here's How You Can Win A Date With TAB HUNTER In Hollywood!

Would you like to win a date with the handsome, exciting star of the movies, Tab Hunter, who's currently being seen in Paramount's "That Kind Of Woman" and Columbia's "They Came To Cordura"? Well, here's your big chance. If you're the lucky winner you'll be assured of the most glamorous time of your life and memories you will treasure forever. You and a companion of your own choice, or chaperon if you are a minor, will travel first-class and stay at a fine hotel as the guests of SCREENLAND. And, on the appointed day, you will see the sights of Hollywood as Tab Hunter's date! All you have to do to enter is fill out the coupon on this page telling us why you'd like a date with Tab, paste it on the back of a post card and mail it to Tab Hunter Contest, Screenland, 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Don't delay. Remember, the lucky girl may be you!

CONTEST RULES

1. All entries must be made on the coupon provided on this page, or facsimile.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 20, 1959.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible except employees of Pines Publications and their families.
4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow her date with Tab Hunter to be photographed for SCREENLAND.
5. The editors of SCREENLAND will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Pines Publications and none will be acknowledged or returned.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

ENTRY BLANK

FILL IN AND MAIL TO

TAB HUNTER CONTEST
SCREENLAND, 355 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

I'd like a date with Tab Hunter because:

Name Age

Street City State

Bridging the gap between adolescence and maturity is a painful process,

but Sandra's moving towards

Untying the apron strings

THE TELEGRAM arrived, signed with an important industry name, inviting Sandra Dee to a teenage party at a big hotel. She held it in one hand, tapped it with her long silver-platinum enameled nails, and meditated. "I don't think I'll go," Sandra told her mother, Mrs. Eugene Douvan.

"Sandy, why not? It sounds like a wonderful party to me."

"I'm not going; I just have a feeling about it . . . Still, I hate to hurt anyone by refusing. But there's something odd about it," Sandy mused.

"So, now you're going psychic on me," Mrs. Douvan sighed. "What could be odd about an ordinary telegram? You'll get to meet some new kids; you've worked so hard with final exams and finishing up the picture. Anyway, Saturday's a good night. You can sleep late Sunday . . . why not go and enjoy yourself?"

Just then the phone rang. It was the man calling, saying he hadn't sent the invitation but had heard someone was using his name!

Telling about it, Mary Douvan said, "Sandy has the most amazing intuition about things. That's certainly something I've never taught her. Her instinct is her only guide as to what she does in her career and her social life. Sandra thinks everything over carefully and sometimes she proves that mother doesn't *always* know best. Now, if only Sandy could get her intuition working on the Case of the Weekly Quart of Ice Cream!"

It seems that every Saturday night for the past two months an unknown youth has deposited a quart of strawberry ice cream at her front door. It comes from the most expensive ice cream shop in Beverly Hills and so far they've been unable to trace the mysterious donor.

Those meeting Sandra and her mother for the first time are both amused and amazed at the relaxed

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SANDRA and her mother, Mrs. Eugene Douvan, have always been very close but Sandra's beginning to get a taste of independence.

By MAXINE BLOCK





SANDRA DEE continued

Sandra's mom goes



SANDRA hasn't dated as much as most girls her age, partly due to her heavy work schedule, partly because she's very selective.

GROOMING is important to Sandra who believes in looking her best at any time. No beatnik, she enjoys getting all dolled up.

RELAXED relationship between Sandra and her mother, something akin to that of two schoolgirls, never ceases to amaze people.



with her everywhere, "but the time is coming when Sandy must learn to be on her own"

relationship between them, which is akin to that of two schoolgirls. Petite, 99-pound Mrs. Douvan, is a very attractive doll-faced brunette who looks scarcely older than her 17-year-old daughter. So, it's understandable that Sandra, who used to call her "Mom" or "Mommie," now sometimes affectionately calls her "Butch."

IT WAS Butch who urged Sandra to accept the invitation to the high school prom after her recent graduation. But Sandra (who hadn't attended a high school but had had a private teacher at the studio) was hesitant, fearful that she wouldn't know anyone there. She also felt that the boy who had invited her—he was president of the class—was doing it as a duty and didn't really want to take her. "Mom," Sandy explained, "insisted that I go, and the argument got louder and louder until we were deadlocked on the issue. Finally, I said I'd talk it over with my teacher, Miss Gladys Hoene; she often helps me decide things. Really, she's like a second mother to me. With both of them in favor, naturally I went. And I had a wonderful time; danced every dance, and didn't feel at all strange. I must have had *rocks* in my head when I worried so," Sandra grinned.

Thousands of words have been written about her alleged reluctance to date in Hollywood and her lack of girl friends. The answer to this can be found in the fact that she's made eight films during a breathtaking, partly overlapping schedule

("some mornings I didn't even know for sure which picture I was reporting for.") This, in addition, to carrying a full load of high school work with excellent marks. Earlier, in New York, at 13, with the type of face which could be photographed to appear either childish or mature, the exquisite and determined little model was earning up to \$50 an hour, posing for magazine art and TV commercials. "We thought she would work maybe once a week after school but it turned out to be six bookings a day," sighed Mrs. Douvan. "Keeping up with her on the appointments exhausted me, but Sandy was never tired."

Just where would this hectic schedule leave time for girlish chatter after school or dates at night?

It's significant, however, that when Sandra attended public school, in her pre-modeling days, she was just as determined to be in on everything in school and president of most of it. At 11, she was boy-crazy, and set about making herself a *femme fatale* of the ruled-paper set. "Sandra sends notes to boys and talks too much—especially to boys!" her teacher complained to Mrs. Douvan.

Today, it's Mary Douvan who complains that her beautiful daughter doesn't date enough. "There is no pushing her and no stopping her in her work," admits Mary. "She's a perfectionist who always knows what is best for her. In dating, she's a perfectionist, too. She doesn't go out as much as most girls because, for Sandra, a date must be something real special.

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"ONE of the freshest, dewiest faces to turn up in Hollywood in a long time" is the way friend Edd Byrnes described Sandra lately.



By JACK LEMMON

"A man can't win"

"There is a conspiracy among women that no man can hope to circumvent," says Jack, who cites a few of his more baffling experiences with the ladies



BEST GIRL Felicia Farr taught Jack that there is nothing like a clever dame when it comes to deflating an overstuffed male ego.

WHAT I have learned about women from women is that the more I know about people the less I seem to know about women.

I am confused. I think that every male is confused. If he isn't, he should be.

Man's very first association with womankind is unsettling. Customarily, he awakens in the arms of a strange woman. She reassures him by uttering friendly sounds and regarding him with an expression of possessive affection, but a certain amount of shock remains.

I have been exceptionally lucky in the mother department. I drew a lady who is sensible, ordinarily unsentimental, and equipped with a sense of humor that many a professional comedian would be ready to buy with diamonds.

She was christened "Mildred," but her intimate friends call her "Min" in fond recollection of the rescue-oriented wife of a comic strip character named "Andy Gump." When "Andy" had fouled himself up—well past the extrication powers of the ordinary male—he was always shown in the final frame yelling, "Oh, MIN."

My "Min" is a genius at rescue, but she is also a wack. She spends from six to eight hours per day attending to my business problems. When I leave town, I sign a series of checks in blank and leave them in her care so that she can pay the utility bills and such. "And such" covers some interesting territory.

When I was out of town last summer, I received a charming thank-you note from her, expressing her appreciation for the birthday gift I had "given" her. She went blithely on with other news, but in the postscript she returned to the item that had excited my curiosity. "It was something I have always wanted," she wrote. "A brass and glass tea cart. I'll make good use of it and I think it was very thoughtful of *me* to buy it for *me*, saving you all that time and trouble."

From Min, I quickly learned that the single most important

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HOW can a girl tell you she never wants to see you again, then call up the next night to demand why you're not there, asks Jack.



JACK never did learn the words of "America" in grade school because he was too mesmerized by his teacher to concentrate.

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



women, no matter how amiable they are”

attribute that a woman can bring to a human relationship is a sense of humor.

We both needed this basis of operation in the midst of my first serious romance. I was seven, and *she* was my second grade teacher, a glistening blonde with blue eyes and long, golden eyelashes. Do you know that I have never learned the words of “America” simply because, in the grade I was supposed to learn it, I was so mesmerized by sight of the teacher that I turned off my ears.

When stuck, I sing, “America, America, America, America.” The rhythm is wrong, but in memory’s eye I can still see that second grade teacher and I forget where I am or how many years have passed since she up and married another man.

BUT I learned more than the perfidy of women from her. She taught me that there is a conspiracy among women that no man can hope to understand or to circumvent. I used to stay after school to erase blackboards, dust erasers, empty wastepaper baskets, and—let’s face it—to stick around the teacher’s desk as long as possible.

She dug the routine. She was gentle and understanding. She used to walk me home, and sometimes she stayed to have tea with my mother. I soon began to notice the knowing looks and indulgent winks that passed between them; I couldn’t have explained it in words but I had caught onto the fact that no man can hang onto his dignity when caught between two women, no matter how amiable their intention.

I was in prep school, madly in love with a girl going to Abbott Academy, when I learned another lesson about women: a man can never anticipate a girl’s reaction in the face of any given circumstance.

Any reasonably bright guy can depend upon what a dog will do. A dog has a fairly predictable reaction pattern. Even a raccoon can be relied upon to show up every night at the same time and tip over your garbage can. But no man with a grain of sense will ever try to predict the behavior of a dame.

The morsel in whom I was interested invited me to attend a school party as her escort. When I reported to the school and caught sight of my date, I stood there for a full minute with my chin quivering on my tie. She was enough to make a marble statue flip. Well, between the perfume she was wearing, the way she looked at me from under lowered eyelashes, the moonlight on the terrace where we were not supposed to be, I kissed her. I thought I was getting a certain amount of cooperation—until pow!—she slapped me. End of romance. She said she never wanted to see me again. I was not to call, not to write, not to annoy her in any way. That ended the evening. I felt like a great big bully.

The following night I was gnawing on a pencil, trying to compose a persuasive note of apology, when the phone rang. It was Lady-Touch-Me-Not, and she inquired plaintively, “Why aren’t you here? I thought we had a date for both Friday and Saturday night. I’ve been ready for an hour.”

You figure it out.

She went on to try men’s souls, and I went on to college.

Being me, I fell in love with a girl living in New London, Connecticut. If true love is the kind that doesn’t run smoothly, all I can say is that our romance made that skirmish between Romeo and Juliet seem like an exchange of glances between two strangers in a crowd leaving a football stadium.

There came a day, following various misunderstandings, when Miss New London telephoned to tell me that she was



STARS like Marilyn Monroe and Doris Day have helped educate Jack about women. His new movie: Columbia’s “Cry For Happy.”

lonely and dejected, and that she yearned to see me. Her words and tone were those of love incarnate and I almost squeezed the telephone to death. She said that if I couldn’t get to New London, she would hop a Boston-bound train.

Voom. I said I would borrow a car and pelt south as fast as gasoline would take me.

It was a noble idea, but it turned out that everybody had made plans for his wheels over that weekend. Finally I located a friend whose family had a spare car on the back lot. It was up on blocks, the motor being used to provide power for an electric saw to cut the winter firewood.

We reinstated the Ford as transportation by stuffing rags in the radiator (no cap), inflating the tires, filling the tank, and shrugging off the fact that its wooden body rattled like shutters in a hurricane.

I made it to New London with no casualty except an occasional pedestrian who laughed himself to death as I rolled past him.

MY girl came downstairs dressed for, say, an Assembly Ball, so she didn’t find my chariot amusing. Even so, she did permit me to drive her to the party, but I was still checking our coats when she disappeared among the dancing millions. Occasionally, during the evening, I caught a glimpse of her, laughing and living it up, but showing absolutely no outward sign of her previously reported longing for Lemmon.

At eleven-thirty—not having danced with my girl once—I took off for Boston in low gear. It took that cokie car ten

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DWAYNE HICKMAN

Picnic for two

On a lovely summer's day, Dwayne "Dobie Gillis" Hickman and his date, June Blair, head for the open spaces

PICNIC SITE chosen by Dwayne and June is a duck pond complete with shade trees and covered bridge.





LUNCH prepared by June must be good judging from Dwayne's more than pleased expression.

DUCKS get fed, too, as June and Dwayne toss them crumbs. Dwayne is star of CBS-TV's "Dobie Gillis."



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



HEADING towards Dwayne's car for return home, June and Dwayne glance backwards at scene of their picnic. **END**



Swede 'n' sexy

They're calling May Britt the sultriest foreign import since Dietrich, but by temperament, this Swedish lass is more inclined to play it cool than hot

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"HOW CAN SHE be so cool over all this?" the man wanted to know. "Look what's happened to her . . . 'The Young Lions' and 'The Blue Angel' . . . And now all those adjectives—'The sultriest, sexiest import since Garbo or Dietrich. . . .'"

How did she feel about all this—the standing ovation and all that jazz after "Young Lions"?

May faltered a bit, trying to explain. "I suppose I should say that I was flattered and happy," she stammered. "But actually I think I didn't believe it was happening. I couldn't see why it should. I didn't see what I was doing here, anyway. I never planned to come here."

And so she didn't. Her career simply happened to her. And no one can say she is "cool" about that, as we shall see. She was a lonely girl for a long, long time.

May (she pronounces it "My") was born in a suburb of Stockholm, Sweden. Her father was, and still is, a postal employee. May did very badly in school, especially at algebra, and finally left to study photography. She thought that might offer an interesting and exciting life, photographing interesting people and events all over the world. She had been at it barely a month when Carlo Ponti came in, did a double take and invited her to go to Rome to make a screen test. May was "cool". It was her father who urged her, "You may hate yourself later on if you don't take advantage of this opportunity." So . . . May went, still in a "cool mood." "I didn't expect anything to come of it," she says, frankly.

What "came of it" was a series of leading picture roles in Italy, winding up with a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox here. "I still don't know why," says May. But she is beginning to guess!

Some reasons may be her lissome figure, her blue-grey eyes and her long, blonde, silky uncurled hair. A few freckles scattered here and there don't do any harm, either.

But, aside from these obviously advantageous physical aspects, there was the innate ability of May to project emotions which registered on the screen. It seemed at first almost as if she did not know she had this ability. But the

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REHEARSING her songs for "The Blue Angel," the picture that made Dietrich a star a generation ago, May is quite composed.



THAT LOOK in her eyes must have been noticed by Carlo Ponti who launched her career in Italian films. Later she came to U.S.

LONELY until she met and married Edward Gregson, Jr., May faces another period of loneliness now that they have separated.

directors knew it and the screen knew it. May is what they call, with wonder in their eyes and voices, "a natural actress." There haven't been many of them. "She simply can't do anything wrong!" marvels one executive.

But despite all this approval, May was a very lonely girl when she first came to Hollywood. She has been lonely most of her life.

She took a smart little apartment but she resisted firmly the idea of acquiring any possessions other than the personal things that she had.

"I wanted so to make friends," she says. "But I just didn't know how. I felt that I had a great capacity for friendship but I couldn't get people's confidence. I think I was . . . and still am . . . (here her English faltered) what you call a 'lonely wolf.' Do you know that term? I want friends but people frighten me."

The idea of the beautiful May Britt being "a lonely wolf" was pretty funny, but she was dead serious. She *had* been lonely.

"I tried," she said, to do what you called 'mingling'. I went to parties and parties and parties. I even tried to give parties of my own. Now I think I shall never go to another party. I have . . . what you say? . . . *had* it!"

She also, about then, made a serious decision. She didn't like younger men. From there on in she would concentrate

BLUE ANGEL is flanked by May and her director, Edward Dmytryk. May scored in "Young Lions."

Photos by Hamilton Millard, Rapho Guillumette



blue-grey eyes, long blonde silky hair plus an ability to project sex have made May a star

only on the more mature males. She was determined to be very firm about that.

Perhaps that was why, when Edward James Gregson, of the fabulously wealthy Janss real estate family, invited her to a small dinner party, she accepted. Mr. Gregson is a widower. He is also old enough to be her father.

But . . . whoops . . . she hadn't counted on Edward Gregson, Jr., seated on her left during dinner. And would anyone accuse Gregson, pere, of plotting? Heavens, no.

SPARKS flew, as sparks so often do, between May and young Gregson. They saw one another almost daily for a few weeks; dinners, horseback rides, swimming, tennis . . . but no parties. Then, inevitably it would seem, the two of them took off for Mexico and were married on February 22, 1958. Was papa Gregson beaming happily in the background? Your guess is as good as anyone's, including mine.

May was no longer a "lonely wolf" or even a lonely girl.

But there were problems, naturally. (Aren't there always?) Because by this time May was no longer "cool" to the unexpected film career which had engulfed her. She loved it. And she had been cast for the leading role in "The Blue Angel," the picture which had made Marlene Dietrich an important star years before. It was a terrific challenge. The adjectives "sultry" and "exciting" are flying again and May

says, "These just make me stammer. I have quite a bad stammer, you know, when I am embarrassed. It's like my stage fright . . . I suffer terribly from stage fright.

"Yes, I have looked at the original picture of 'Blue Angel' and I am now trying hard to forget it. It seemed to me so slow. Dietrich, of course, was lovely and I hope I can follow her. But the action just didn't seem to me to move."

The fact that she had to sing in the picture embarrassed her very much. "I can't carry a tune!" she protested. But she talked her songs well enough to get by and, after all, that's what Dietrich did in the original. *She* couldn't sing either.

May's husband enrolled at Stanford University for some courses and that meant that the two of them must have two homes. They settled for a small apartment in Palo Alto and a sort of guest house at the back of Gregson Senior's estate in Holmby Hills near Los Angeles, a modest, two-bedroom affair to which May paid scant attention.

"I don't want any possessions," she said then. "They just clutter things. And I wouldn't dream of trying to redecorate. Some day . . ." she added, vaguely, "I suppose we shall have a house of our own and then we shall think about colors and fabrics and we shall start accumulating belongings. But not yet! We still need freedom."

This "freedom," to May, meant that they could take off on little trips together when they both had free time. Greg-

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After 11 years...

The laughter has gone out of the David Nivens' marriage and in all probability only these two really know the reasons why

By NORA LEWIS

IN THE TYPICALLY terse, well-bred style of a British gentleman, David Niven, in mid-July, issued a statement to the press that he and his wife Hjordis had separated after living apart for the last several weeks. "No divorce is contemplated at the present time," the Academy Award-winning actor stated. "We are trying to work out our very personal problems as quietly and as privately as possible."

The film colony was shocked and dismayed; only a handful of insiders were aware of growing dissension in the Niven home. Publicly, there was no hint of trouble. Fans remembered that on Academy Award night only a few months ago, Niven had jumped up from his seat in the Pantages Theatre as he heard his name called. But before he ran down the aisle to fairly bound onto the stage, he paused to kiss his strikingly beautiful wife.

On stage, the famous Niven charm did not desert him as he grinned, clutched the statuette and said, "I'm so weighed down with good luck charms that I could scarcely make it up the stairs." The lucky charms were potent enough to bring him the greatest honor in his 25-year Hollywood career but not strong enough to keep his marriage from foundering.

At the glittering Beverly-Hilton party following the awards, David spoke of the Oscar he'd won for "Separate Tables" and of his wife with equal pleasure. Columnists commented that the handsome pair appeared the very picture of devotion. Obviously, "Separate Tables" was prophetic, for the Nivens, who were thought by many so well suited to each other, will now, too, be dining at separate tables.

Prophetic, also, was debonair David's remarks to a reporter two years ago: "Why do I always seem so pleased with life? Well, possibly because I am healthy, I live in the middle of a very happy family with my wife and my two sons, and I have some money in the bank. So, for the life of me, I can find nothing to be depressed about. Of course, I am fully aware that any day now I may wake up to find myself diseased, divorced and destitute, but as I say, things are very pleasant at the moment."

David Niven is today in fine health, very far from destitute, but divorce looms as a tragic possibility to shatter the pleasant rhythm of his days. He gathered up his two sons by his first marriage and left for a month's stay in Honolulu with friends before he returns to make "Please Don't Eat The Daisies." Hjordis is staying with friends in Brentwood. Those who are very fond of the Nivens hope this "cooling off" period may lead to a reconciliation. Deborah Kerr, who herself is beset with marital troubles, is a close and old friend of the Nivens and is trying to patch up their foundering marriage.

That marriage, a second one for both, after a whirlwind courtship, on January 14, 1948, appeared to their large circle of friends, to be an ideal one. As late as last year, Niven was saying of his two marriages: "It has been a source of wonder to me that a

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FRANKIE AVALON

Last day



photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

n L.A.

between completing his first
movie, "Guns Of The
Timberland," and flying back home,
Frankie had only a few
hours to himself in Hollywood



FAN MAIL is perused by Frankie on returning from a dip in pool. He tries to answer all letters personally, a big order.



GOOD-BYES are said by Frankie to some friends in Hollywood by phone. He promised to return soon.

RADIO interview with local disc jockey is taped last minute but Frankie smiles through it all.



LAST LOOK at Los Angeles is taken by Frank before leaving. He stars with Alan Ladd in "Guns Of The Timberland." **END**



A bit of all right

*The new star of "Darby O'Gill,"
who hails from Blighty, has
one outstanding foible: she
can't stand her own company*



AT 24, Janet is still playing juvenile or teenage roles, mainly because of her height, 5' 1", and her doll-like appearance.

By LEE HARRISON

TWO SHORT YEARS AGO, Janet Munro was a 22-year-old actress unknown in this country, scarcely known in her native England. Before Walt Disney found her and lifted her to stardom in "Darby O'Gill And The Little People," she was playing juvenile roles in English films and television. But of all the leading roles Janet is now destined to play for Disney Productions, none will probably have more personal meaning for her than that of the little girl she acted in a TV play called "Lace On Her Petticoat."

"The story was about a lonely little girl who wants a best friend and lace petticoat more than anything else," Janet recalls. "She got them but—life being what it is—she was still lonely. I thought I knew just how that little girl felt as I was playing her part. I can't stand loneliness myself. It's my biggest failing. If I'm alone in an apartment or a hotel room I begin to bite my fingernails and wonder what to do. I can't stand my own company. I must have people around me. Lots of them."

Disney, who signed her to a five-movie contract, thinks he can change Janet's problem to one of wanting to avoid people. He thinks her performances in "Darby O'Gill" and with James MacArthur and Michael Rennie in "Third Man On The Mountain" are bound to supply Janet with more friends than she'll use up in a life time.

At 24, Janet is still playing juvenile or teenage roles. For the best of reasons: Her height (five feet, one inch), her face, which bears a faint, Oriental, doll-like look, and her astonishing ear for children's voices make her a casting director's dream when there's a young girl's part to be played. (The little girl in "Lace On Her Petticoat" was supposed to be 12 years old. Janet was 22 when she played the part with ingenious conviction.)

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Most of Hollywood's new young female stars talk constantly of their dedication to acting. Janet tops them all with her own sense of professional dedication but she's relaxed and good-humored about it. The fondness for entertaining people, the professional dedication and the need for people are all written plainly in Janet's past.

Her father is Alex Munro, a comedian in—what Americans would call—the vaudeville tradition. All Janet's childhood was lived traveling with her parents from theatre to theatre. She became used to meeting lots of new people but not making lasting friendships. Her world was one of quick hellos and good-byes. She spent no more than a week in school in any one place before her father had to move on.

She was seven when her mother died and so this, the closest friendship of any child, was broken, too. Janet was performing with her father by then, wearing her auburn hair in a straight, plastered-down fringe. Because of the color of her hair and her pint-size, her fellow-troupers called her "The Ginger Bit."

"Daddy has always had a great capacity for enjoying himself," Janet recalls. "He's the one who taught me the enjoyment of laughter. He spoiled me terribly after Mother died. I guess he felt he had to give me something extra to make it up to me."

Janet's step-mother became her next long-term friend. The friendship is still going strong and Janet credits this woman with most of the good things that happened to her from her ninth year. She urged Janet to leave the variety shows and

go into the legitimate theatre. She paid Janet's way as a student with a repertory company. After five years of acting in repertory, Janet was assured by a talent scout that she was ready to try London. Her step-mother promptly gave up her job and took office work in London so that she could make a home for Janet.

In London, Janet worked for tips as a hat-check girl in nightclubs so that she could look for work as an actress by day. She started a charm bracelet that records her steady but slow progress, purchasing a charm with every job she landed. The jobs began to come in 1957.

On her bracelet today there's a dice for the 16-year-old Cockney girl she played in a movie called "The Small Hotel"; a treasure chest for "The Tollenberg Terror," a science-fiction thriller about monsters from outer space in which Janet played a 15-year-old; a policeman's helmet charm for the TV comedy called "One Of Us," Janet playing a 16-year-old delinquent. In "Trial By Candlelight," she played a juvenile delinquent who kills herself and bought another charm—an airplane. And so it went. Until Walt Disney came.

DISNEY had a suite at the Dorchester Hotel, London's best. He was trying his glass slipper on a hundred hopeful Cinderellas sent him by agents.

"I knocked on the door of his suite," Janet remembers, "and when a voice said to come in and I went in I was so nervous I was sure I'd made a mistake coming and I decided to say, 'Sorry, wrong room' and back out. There was Walt

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SHE SWIMS whenever she has time, which keeps her 100-pound figure in trim. Her next movie: "Third Man On The Mountain."



in a papier mache place like Hollywood. You know, go off my stick, drop a bomb": Janet



HER AMBITION is to find a play or a script in which she'll be allowed to play a woman. She's never played a girl older than 18!

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr.

He's no pushover

By JERRY ASHER

Though shy and peace-loving by nature, Will is perfectly capable in his own quiet way of handling anyone who tries to take advantage



WILL will hold still for anything within reason, but dynamite couldn't budge him into making a move that offends his honor.

ON A RARE day off from shooting his strenuous TV series, Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins was loafing it up, and loving it, sprawled out in the lower-floor living room of his Hollywood home that clings to a hillside overlooking the cinema city. He was wearing battered moccasins, old cords and a faded sweat shirt, and his unruly hair crowned his head like so many spiked feathers.

His reverie was interrupted by the front door chimes.

"Who's there and what do you want?" Will called in his familiar drawl as he ambled upstairs to the street level entrance.

"It's the Fuller Brush Man. May I speak to the lady of the house?"

"She's out for the afternoon," said Will, opening the door. "But I'm quite sure we don't need anything, anyway."

"Oh, you just got up!" exclaimed the startled interloper. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

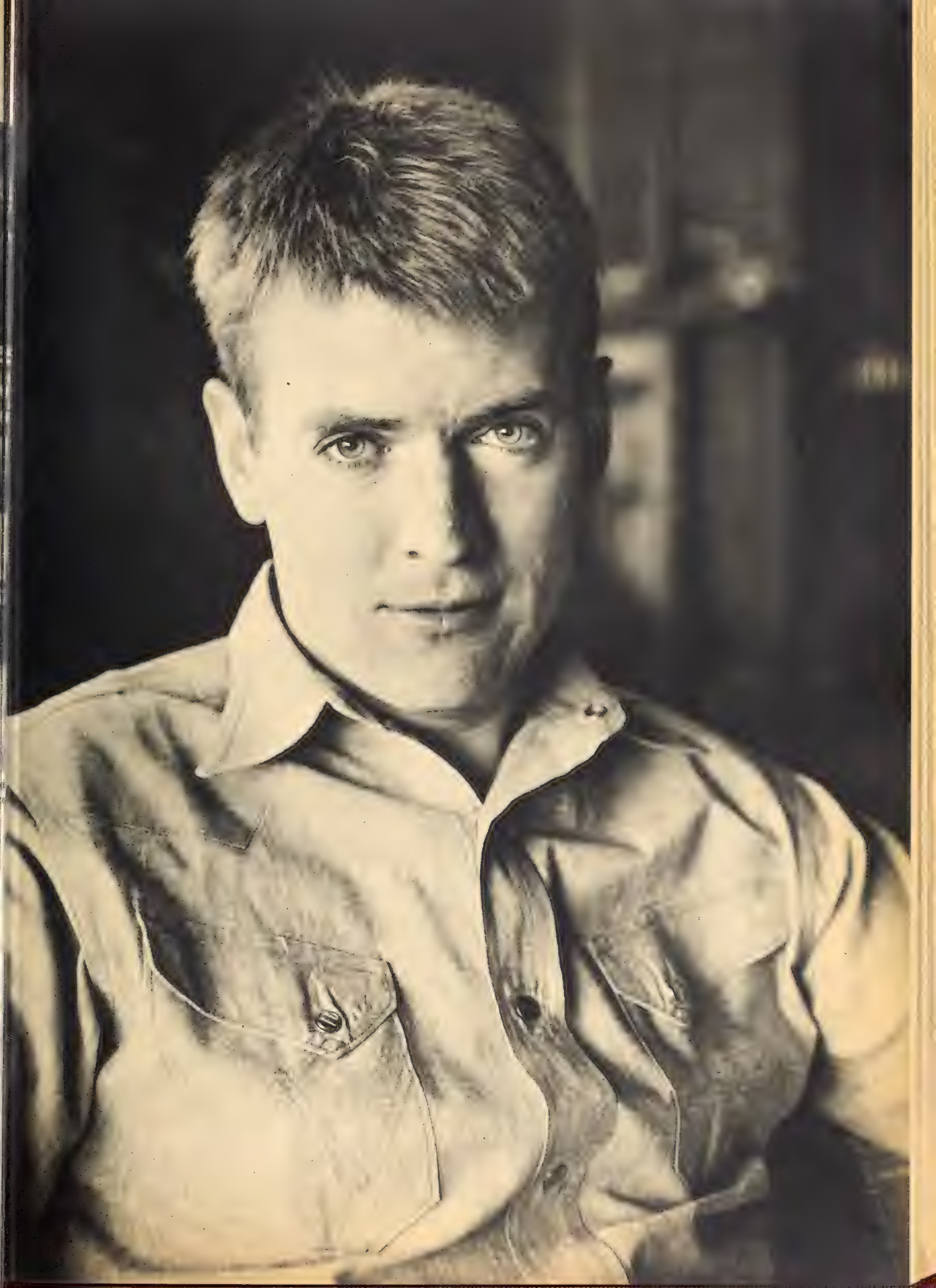
"No, I've been up for hours," answered Will. "I just look this way."

The results are always the same when the former Marshall Lowell Hutchason faces up to a situation. He believes that white is white, a spade is a spade and the truth is the truth. And he never deviates from that.

"If you lie once, then you have to lie twice," his adored grandmother once told the tiny toddler. "Always remember, if you aren't afraid of the truth—you'll never have to lie about anything at all."

Will always remembered. As he matured, he remained shy and peace-loving, but as those who have known him throughout his 27-year span will testify, he's quite a paradoxical fellow.

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"In his own mild-mannered way, Hutch has always been strictly an individualist," his intimates insist. "He'll hold still for anything within reason, but dynamite couldn't budge him into making a move that offends his integrity, or goes against his better judgment. Sometimes this comes as a tremendous shock to those who think that he is naive and incapable of introspection.

"The character he's now portraying enhances this impression, but in real life Hutch carries on where 'Sugarfoot' leaves off. Being a newcomer in the industry, he's had to bide his time and learn the ropes. Now after two years he has great awareness and Hollywood may be due for a big surprise. If they try to lead him around like a passive lamb, they'll discover they have a fighter on their hands!"

ACCORDING to inside reports, Hollywood has already discovered that one Will Hutchins is quite capable of protecting his interests. They've also discovered that things are churning behind those wide, friendly blue eyes and he not only knows most of the answers, he backs them up with admirable logic.

"I like to be nonconforming," Will himself reveals. "It's a deep-rooted part of my make-up and I've always lived this way. Of course, there must always be valid reason for expressing individual thoughts and feelings. I have little respect for anyone who adopts a perverse attitude simply because he wants to attract attention or throw his weight. I am nonconforming because I've always disliked any form of regimen-

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



LOOKING to make a regular movie, Will has been reading an endless number of books and scripts in quest of a good story.

tation that stifles, or limits, imagination and creative ability. If you can't move about where it's permissible to express yourself honestly, then it becomes pretty frustrating.

"Although I was born and brought up in the environs of Hollywood, it's like stepping across the threshold of another world when you're lucky enough to be discovered. I was ready from the beginning and anxious to meet all demands and requisites. But I wasn't aware there are established rules for furthering a Hollywood career and now that they've caught up with me, I have to meet them as I see fit. Somewhere along the way, it seems, someone decided certain patterns of behavior are 'good' for actors, so most of them automatically subscribe. The way I see it, a good script, a good director and a good performance are far more helpful to a career than playing some sort of game."

Although those concerned were ready to flip their collective wigs, they recall an amusing experience when Will was induced to participate in a typical Hollywood publicity stunt.

"We had a big, plushy premiere to promote," says one of the conspirators, "and we needed an escort for the visiting 'Miss Germany.' Now Jim Garner, Jack Kelly and Clint Walker were married men and although Will Hutchins wasn't too well known, it was decided that he was our pigeon. Will figured without Will. *He* decided he wanted no part of a blind date—*just* to get publicity!

"Finally, we convinced him we were in a spot and needed his help. So he agreed to go to the premiere and went out and rented a tuxedo. When the romantic (?) twosome arrived at the theatre, the crowd cheered while they signed autographs and posed for pictures. Then they went inside but when the lights dimmed Miss Germany was all for sneaking out a rear exit. Now that she had been seen and photographed, the rest of it was a big bore to her. Will was there to see the film and politely announced that he had no intention of leaving. His ultimatum didn't make much of a hit with his fair companion, but I must say—he couldn't have cared less!"

Thinking beyond today, Will has his future in mind and is anxious to keep growing as an actor and developing. As an experiment, he and a few equally ambitious friends have rented a camera and are making a silent movie around the city of Los Angeles. They work on their project on the weekends Will is free from appearing at charity benefits (he has donated time and effort to 37 different causes during 1958) or making personal appearances to plug Warner Bros. pictures. Because of his daily studio grind, he rarely gets home for dinner before nine and, therefore, time is very precious. When he hit the Hollywood jackpot, Will discovered *his* time was anything but precious to those inevitable back-slappers who suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

CONTRARY to his gentle nature, he proved capable of protecting himself when they took advantage of his position. There was that long, exhausting day, for example, when Will had been working in the boiling hot sun. He'd been up on his slim hips in dirt, dust and insects and by the time he got home, he was ready to drop. The phone was ringing when he came through the front door.

"Hi, Hutch, ol' pal," exclaimed a strange voice in his ear. "Bet you can't guess who this is!"

"That's right," came the cool answer. "I can't guess and don't have time for games. Please tell me who you are, I'll have to hang up."

There have been other occasions when "long lost buddie

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discover they have a fighter on their hands



CALLING for his date, film actress Valerie Allen, at her apartment, Will meets her pet parakeet, who wasn't at all awed by his visitor.

MUSMAN'S holiday: on his day off from shooting "Sugarfoot," Will takes his girl horseback riding, later stops off for a snack.



Joey and his



KIDDING aside, the Adamses are nuts about each other. "She's the nicest Valentine I ever got in my life," says Joey of Cindy.

Cindy

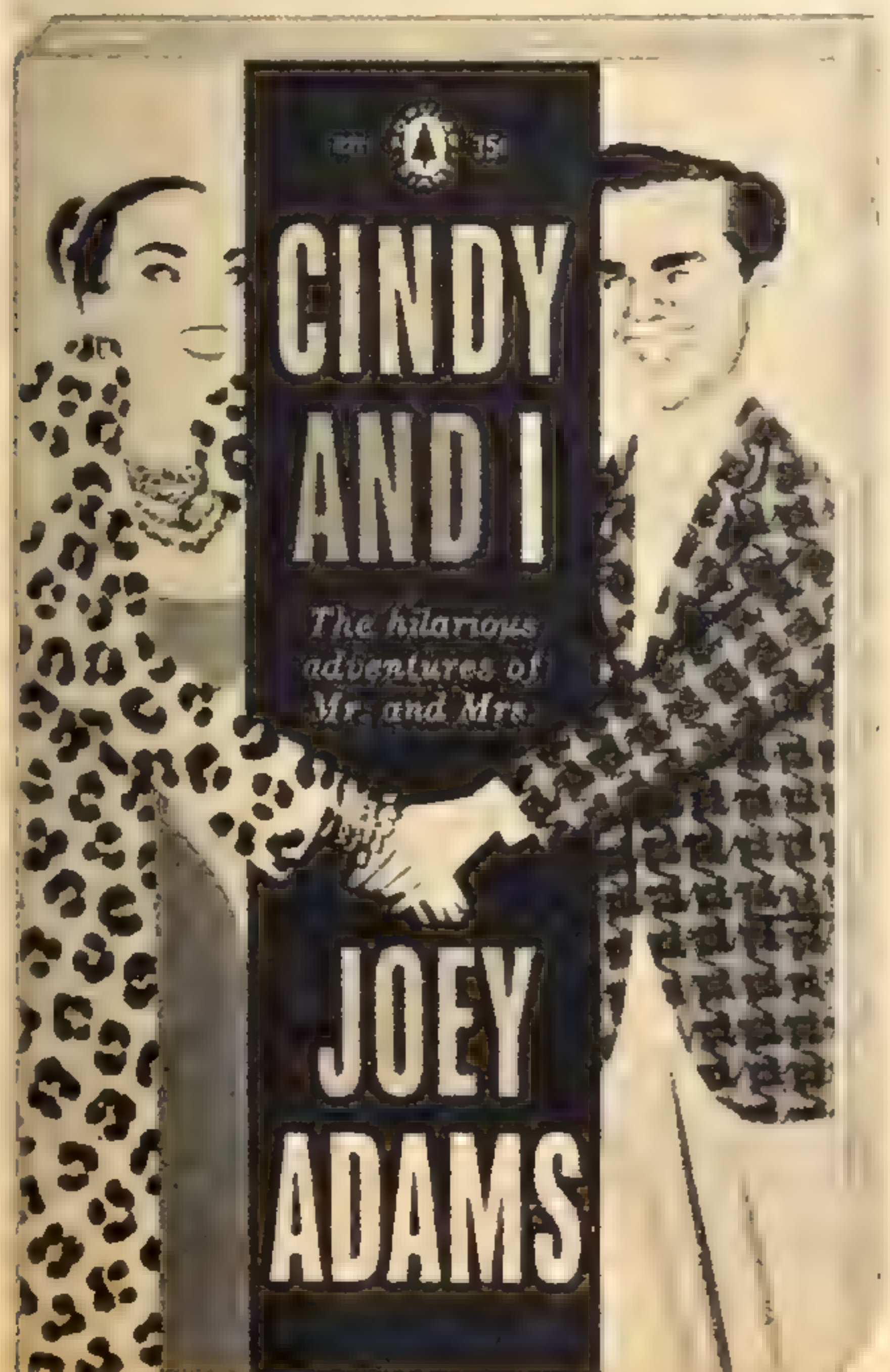
Comedian Joey Adams
and his wife love to make each
other the butt of their
jokes, but everyone knows
they don't mean it



DOLL-like Cindy was a cover girl in her teens, won a total of 57 beauty titles. Today she writes two syndicated news columns.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Joey's newest book, "Cindy And I," is now on sale in the 35¢ Popular Library paperback edition at all bookstands.



COMEDIAN JOEY and comedienne Cindy Adams have a marriage based on true love and laughter, nonsense and nearness, ribbing and respect. They also have a tremendous zest for living and a wealth of talent which reaches into many fields.

They have a television series in the works, they are frequent guest stars and night club headliners. MGM Records has just released an LP in which they trade wise-cracks. The Popular Library 35c paperback edition of their best seller, "Cindy And I," is due for Fall publication. A new book, "It Takes One To Know One," comes out in November. Cindy also writes two syndicated news columns.

For each spouse, the favorite target is the other. Joey, the clown, describes Cindy: "My cover girl is 5' 3½" tall, weighs 110 pounds—with full make-up, 125 pounds. She's easily recognized by her patent leather haircomb. I don't know whether she combs it with an iron or paints it on. I finally discovered why she never shuts her mouth; her hair is too tight."

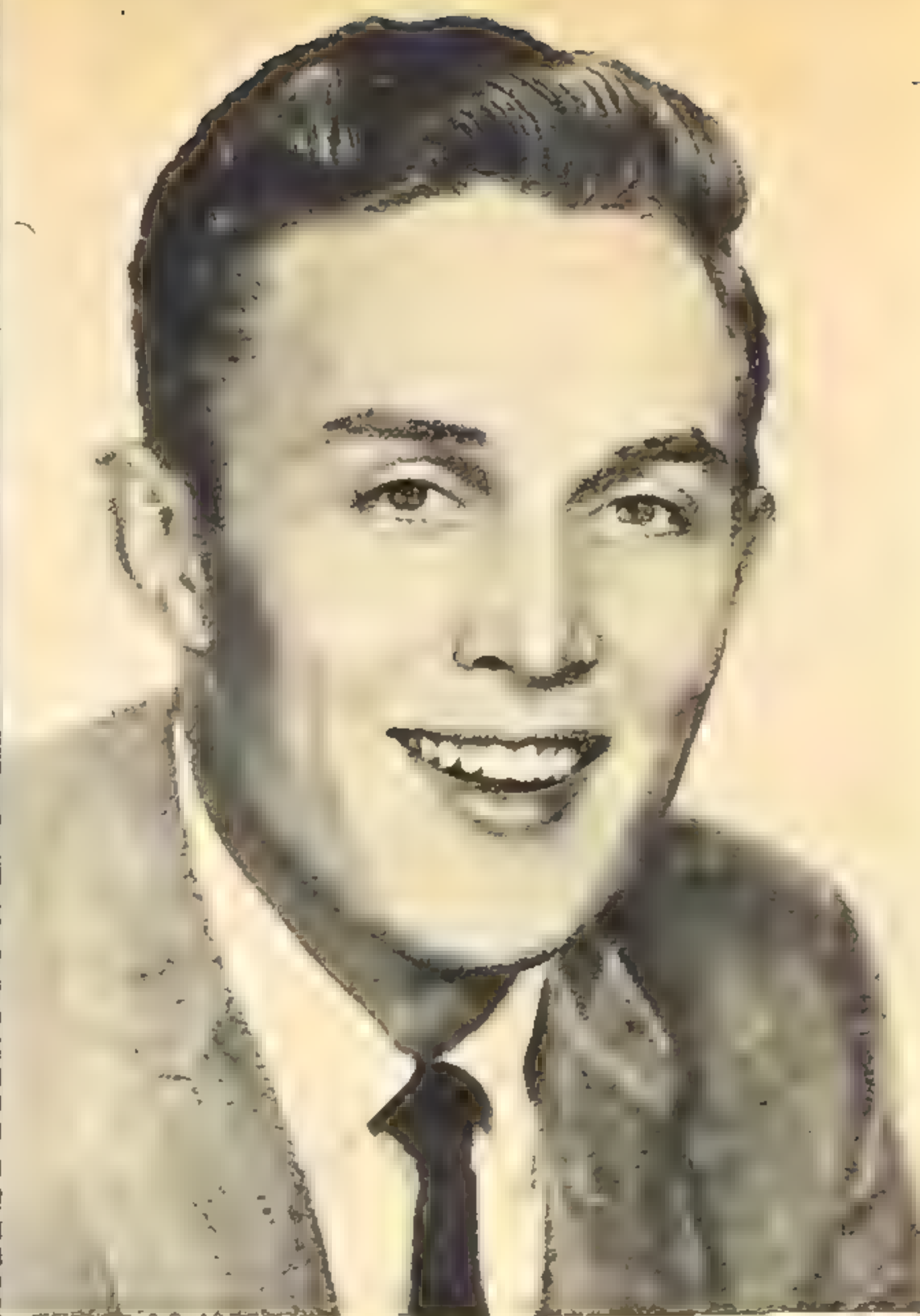
Cindy, with a feline stretch, says, "Joey has more sides than the Pentagon. He's a producer, director, actor, writer, comedian, toastmaster and philanthropist. He appears in TV, movies, records, radio, night clubs, theatres, but seldom in the barber's chair. When he does make his annual personal appearance at the barber shop, he looks as though he's wearing a Davy Crockett hat. Joey is slightly sensitive about the barely perceptible bald spot at the back of his head. He doesn't exactly admit to this sensitivity but whenever he leaves a room, he backs out."

But for each barbed shaft, there is also a revealing bit of tenderness. Says Joey, "When Cindy's pop gave me her hand in marriage on Valentine's Day, 1952, I took it in mine and I haven't let go of it since. I never met a girl with a bigger heart. She's the prettiest, wittiest, darlinest, most affectionate girl in the whole wide world. She's the nicest Valentine I ever got in my life."

Cindy says fondly, "Joey is my funny Valentine. He's lovable, genuine, kind, charitable, thoughtful, understanding, and I wish I could share him with all of you. But there just isn't enough to go around."

Fate sealed Joey to comedy when he was only four. He recalls. "I was
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let's look
at ● the
RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **JIMMY DEAN**, CBS-TV star

A YOUNG man not quite out of his teens, **Neil Sedaka** could teach many of his seniors the secret of "hitsmanship." His first Victor LP is a collection of songs the singer-pianist penned himself and includes such rock 'n' roll hall-of-famers as "The Diary," "Stupid Cupid" and "I Go Ape." Which isn't exactly the way we'd put it but we do think it's a fine record. . . . **Patti Page's** last series of TV shows accomplished one thing for sure; it got a lot of good music expertly performed in front of vast numbers of people. Patti's new Mercury album, "Patti Page...Favorites From TV," contains a dozen all-time top items that have improved with age. . . . The **Kingston Trio** by now has become a fairly permanent part of the American musical scene. There have been a number of folk-singing groups in the public eye from time to time but none with the popular appeal of the Kingston Trio. Their new Capitol LP, "The Kingston Trio At Large," holds the essence of their popularity, folk tunes delivered with a wry humor. Numbers include the famous "M.T.A.," "Blow Ye Winds" and "Getaway John". . . . The tune that made trumpeter **Ziggy Elman** famous, "And The Angels Sing," has been updated by **Red Prysock** and his swingin' group of rock 'n' rollers. The other side of the Mercury etching, "Riffin' With Red," is fit company for "The Angels."

The **Ray Anthony** band features a big, fresh, clean sound that somehow brings the oldies up-to-date and adds importance to sometimes mediocre material. Ray's latest Capitol LP, "Sound Spectacular," is a half-hour demonstration of a good dance band in action. With maestro Anthony's trumpet in the fore, the aggregation takes off in free-wheeling fashion. Among the standards and semi-classics on hand are "Camptown Races," "Dry Bones" and "American Patrol." . . . Whatever slack **Judy Holliday** and **Sydney Chaplin** left in their performances in the Broadway hit, "The Bells Are

Ringin'," has been taken up by **Shelly Manne** and his Men in a Contemporary jazz LP of the score. Ably assisted by pianist **Andre Previn**, and bassist **Red Mitchell**, Manne makes the most of tunes such as the moving ballad, "The Party's Over," and the up-tempo, "Is It A Crime?" . . . **Joni James** has a sure-fire pop favorite with her revival of "I Still Get Jealous." It's got the feeling, flavor and tempo that have marked all of Joni's big hits. The M-G-M "45" is backed by "My Prayer Of Love," another ballad of the type that's Miss James' special province. . . . Triple threat man **Earl Grant** (piano, organ, vocals) showcases all three of his talents in a new Decca album, "Grant Takes Rhythm." Although Earl's vocalizing bears a striking, almost unbelievable, resemblance to **Nat "King" Cole's**, it is not without its own characteristics, and if you have to sound like somebody it might as well be the best in the business.

Rod McKuen is a television actor with a number of fairly important roles to his credit; as of this moment he also has a fine LP to his credit. On the Decca label, his album, "Anywhere I Wander," is a mixture of folk songs old and new. Among the old timers is "Handsome Johnny" while the newcomers include "Sixteen Tons" and "Mule Train." . . . The recent death of **Billie Holiday** cut off abruptly one of the great jazz voices of all time. One of her last recorded efforts was an M-G-M LP using her name as its title. Backed by **Ray Ellis** and his orchestra, Billie delivered a dozen standards in her classic style that has often been imitated but never equalled. A new team, **Count Basie's** band and **Billy Eckstine** are together on a fine Roulette coupling, "I Want A Little Girl" and "Lonesome Lover Blues." The combination clicks on both sides. Definitely superior merchandise. . . . It seems only yesterday that **Glenn Miller** fronted the top dance band in the land in an era of great dance bands. But it was 20 years

ago. Times and tastes change. We think the superbly packaged 3-LP Victor album, "Glenn Miller For The Very First Time," a collection of recordings made from his radio show of 1940, demonstrates admirably the timelessness of the Miller brand of music.

Ricky Nelson's new Imperial record should add a great deal to this young man's prestige. "Just A Little Too Much" and "Sweeter Than You" are ballads with varying beats but with the same teenage appeal that's made Ricky songster to be reckoned with. . . . An speaking of precocious progeny, **Gar Crosby** has a fine new Verve waxing that should be the item to get his career into high gear. "The Happy Bachelor" and "This Little Girl Of Mine" show an adept handling of material that would do the Groaner proud. . . . Last time we talked about **Ernestine Anderson** it was with the elation of discovering a great new talent. Today, Ernestine's vocal prowess is an accepted fact. It still is quite a treat to hear something new from Ernestine. Her second Mercury album, picking up where "Hot Cargo," her first, left off, features sparkling performances of well-known material; a spectacular case in point—"Stardust". . . . A big, handsome package, the twin-LP Victor album "An Evening With Lerner and Loewe" contains the memorable songs from the shows "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," "My Fair Lady" and the movie, "Gigi." The songs are sung by **Jane Powell**, **Robert Merrill**, **Jan Peerce** and **Phil Harris**.

The chances are good that **Brook Benton** will emerge as one of the top singers to come out of the current crop. His new Mercury duo, "Thank You Pretty Baby" and "With All My Heart," are beautifully performed in a style that is distinctive enough to set Brook apart from a large number of his confreres. . . . The winners and still champions in the "Porgy and Bess" recording derby are **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Louis Armstrong** hands down. Their Verve 2-LP album is a masterpiece from the cover design right on through Louis' bell-like trumpet solos. Ella, as usual, is supreme, and Satchmo isn't very many steps behind in the vocal department. . . . We cast our big vote for "barbershop," at least the way the **Mills Brothers** do it. Their new Decca album, "Barbershop Harmony," is as smooth as a close shave and as soothing as a hot towel. . . . Round about 1941 **Duke Ellington** penned a folk opera "Jump For Joy," as his answer to what he considered the one-sided portrait of Negro life in Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." The show opened in California and never made it East. But many of its tunes live today as jazz classics. **Julian "Cannonball" Adderly** adds his tenor sax to a string ensemble to show us just how good the music is in a new Mercury album, "Cannonball" Adderly Play The Score From 'Jump For Joy.' EN

Coming Attractions

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a young Army private with a dubious re. Or does she? Running alongside the Sophia-Hunter situation, Jack Ward and Barbara Nichols have similar problems but different answers. An unusual and charming love story which puts up the delightful fact that movies have matured considerably. (Paramount.)

It Started With A Kiss

METROCOLOR marital fiasco that chases itself all over the parched landscape of Spain. Having vowed to marry a millionaire, showgirl Debbie Reynolds suddenly finds herself minus a man but married to Air Force Sergeant Glenn Ford after one date. Soon, while "I-do's" are still echoing, and Ford off to his AAF base in Spain, there's an addition to the family: a \$40,000 automobile Ford had won, along with a job, in a raffle. Included in this domestic confusion is a collection of invited types such as Marquesa Eva Gabor, and bullfighter Gustavo Rojo. Eventually, of course, but not without giving first tormented Ford by one of these in-name-only marriages, Debbie goes to what's left of her senses. A bed-mad farce which races in high gear from boudoir to boudoir with the disheveled distraction of an overworked chambermaid. (MGM.)

The Blue Angel

RE-MAKE of a vintage film that had starred Marlene Dietrich, her legs, and her husky crooning of "Falling In Love Again." Almost as effective in the Dietrich role is May (pronounced My!) Britt, who certainly can wear fluffy pants, silk garters and sit astride a chair with the best of them. Into her tawdry life comes professor Curt Jurgens, a middle-aged and proper gentleman, whose knowledge of women is just about what you'd expect from a botany teacher. His situation with May leads to a marriage, and Jurgens understandably must resign his teaching position. Unable to work at the only thing he knows, Jurgens sinks to the depths of degradation and humiliation until he realizes he was never cut out to juggle naughty pictures of his wife, nor to be a stooge in a cheap vaudeville show. Filmed in Bavaria in De Luxe color, this effectively deals with the result of two complete opposites colliding. (20th Century-Fox.)

Sapphire

COMPLETELY fascinating Eastman color murder mystery with an unusual slant, this stars Nigel Patrick and handsome Michael Craig as the police detectives. Working on slender clues, the

two nevertheless manage to establish the victim's identity and some interesting facts about her brief life. A young and very pretty music student, the victim very obviously was the sort of confused young person whose acquaintances would add up to a long list of suspects. Exceptionally well turned out British suspense film, that expertly handles some timely problems with somewhat shocking frankness. (Universal-International.)

A Private's Affair

IF IT is action, adventure, excitement you need—join the Army, or rather be drafted. Life never had quite the punch before, GI Barry Coe discovers. Caught in this same leaky tub of surprises, playboy Gary Crosby and musician Sal Mineo join Coe to endure their military miseries. But all isn't despair. Christine Carere, Terry Moore and Barbara Eden flit around the De Luxe colored screen doing much to boost the boys' morale. That all the young people involved should have pleasant singing voices is a cinematic indulgence that works out very well indeed. After hearing the lads belting out an impromptu bit, television MC Jim Backus wants them to appear on his show. Then, overnight, as it were, this prize package explodes. Coe finds himself married to the first woman Assistant Secretary of the Army, Jessie Royce Landis. Complications mount, and Coe's rating with Christine goes down. Unraveling this horrible mistake becomes one of those madcap romps that make you awfully glad you're only young once. (20th Century-Fox.)

They Came To Cordura

BECAUSE he hid in fear during his baptismal of fire, U.S. Army major Gary Cooper is obsessed with discovering what makes a man brave. After a battle of almost incredible odds against hundreds of Pancho Villa followers, Cooper thinks he has his answer in four men: Tab Hunter, Van Heflin, Richard Conte, and Dick York. Congressional Medal of Honor candidates, it's Cooper's job to escort them to the nearest railroad town. Included in this group is Rita Hayworth, suspected of sympathizing with Villa. The trip, which ordinarily would have been routine, becomes a nightmare of ordeals. Rita's voluptuousness proves too much for Heflin and Conte. When Cooper rescues her from them, he creates a pair of deadly enemies ready to kill him in his first unguarded moment. Under these gruelling circumstances, that he proves himself the strongest, most valiant, is largely due to Rita's direct way of solving one of Cooper's problems. Stripped of pretense, this stark Eastman color



A RAFFLE brings Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford together in "It Started With A Kiss."

thriller often becomes like a raw wound, made even angrier with the tension and harsh suspense. (Columbia.)

The Big Fisherman

BASED on Lloyd C. Douglas' novel about the life of Simon Peter, who became a disciple of Christ, and played by Howard Keel. A non-believer, Peter was a fisherman in Galilee at a time when people were being brutally persecuted by ruler Herbert Lom. Taking matters into her own hands, Arabian Princess Susan Kohner swears she will kill Lom, her father, for having betrayed her mother many years ago for the wanton Martha Hyer. Following Susan on her mission, Arabian Prince John Saxon rides toward destiny on a spirited steed, and thanks to Keel, manages to retrieve his princess before much harm can befall her. A deeply religious film, this runs a lengthy three hours, most of the time spent on pinpointing the greatest forces in the hearts of man—love and hate. For an assist toward prying into the nooks and hidden crevices of the human soul, there's Panavision, Stereophonic sound, and Technicolor. (Centurion Films.)

Tarzan, The Ape Man

THE natives are restless again, and there's a new—the 12th—Tarzan swinging through the jungle lianas—Dennis Miller. Helped by all his animal friends, Tarzan manages to keep the throbbing heart of Darkest Africa quieted. Really, it's quite a nasty chore since greedy Cesare Danova is set on discovering the secret, sacred final resting place of the elephants, or, to put it more succulently: The City of Ivory. Included in the searching party is Joanna Barnes, the Jane who brings togetherness to Tarzan's treetop digs. Enraged animals and natives persist in making life difficult, but Tarzan is ever present with a physical solution to all problems. (MGM.) **END**

Elvis Presley's Marriage Dilemma

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seeking out a mother image any more than a thirsty man turn from drink?

Elvis was nurtured by his mother's pride, and he lived for her approval. When he met a girl he really liked, invariably he would say, "I want you to come visit us in Memphis, and meet my ma." Any friend of Elvis's was a friend of his ma's. She gave his girl friends warm welcome, and they saw first-hand the strength of the bond with her son.

All his tensions fell away when he was around her. Their affinity was not merely to be sensed. He was unabashedly demonstrative about his affection.

"He was always kissing his mother," was deeply-impressed Dotty Harmony's observation to me after spending a fortnight with the Presleys.

Elvis never lacked tenderness and consideration, never made fun of his mother's anxieties. Whenever he would leave the house she'd admonish him like a lad in knee pants, "Elvis, be real careful now."

He would kiss her and smile, "Don't worry, Ma. I will."

When he'd get home, he'd call out, "Hi, Ma! I'm back. Everything's all right." He always let her know where he was going and when he had returned. He never felt too old or too important to extend that courtesy. He grew up, but never away. He never cut her off.

He was notorious for eating poorly on the road, confining himself to wolfed peanut butter and banana sandwiches in hotel rooms. But when he was home, exposed to his mother's cooking, eating became a pleasure instead of an intrusion. He loved the food his ma set before him. He was wild about her cocoanut cake and corn bread.

His mother loved him without making demands. She wanted Elvis to do what he pleased—whether it was to stretch out in his relaxing chair and watch TV, to play the piano or organ and sing spirituals, to listen to his favorite records, anything the mood suggested. Elvis's enthusiasms were her enthusiasms, his pleasures, her pleasures.

THAT joy in finding happiness in his happiness is deeply etched in Elvis's image of his mother. The test of his capacity for marriage well may be his ability to be happy with a girl who has drives and needs of her own. Not too much time is likely to elapse before it will be clear whether his mother image will complicate or simplify Elvis's search for a bride.

For whatever reason Elvis ultimately marries, however, it is improbable that he would be long content with a woman substantially less indulgent than his mother. His mother's unflinching trust left a lasting mark. He would balk at a wife who picked at him—even for his own good—a wife who tried to improve or change him, who didn't share his excite-

ment about singing, who might be more concerned about where he was going, what he did and with whom than simply whether he was all right.

Even when his mother was alive, Elvis found himself unwittingly trying to fit girls into her image. His mother was of a fundamentalist background, and her teaching had not been lost on him. Just as his mother did not smoke, drink or gamble, so to this day does Elvis abstain from these distractions.

He makes no overt effort to impose his values on others. Yet he doesn't disguise them when he dates a girl. He believes implicitly in the values handed down from his mother.

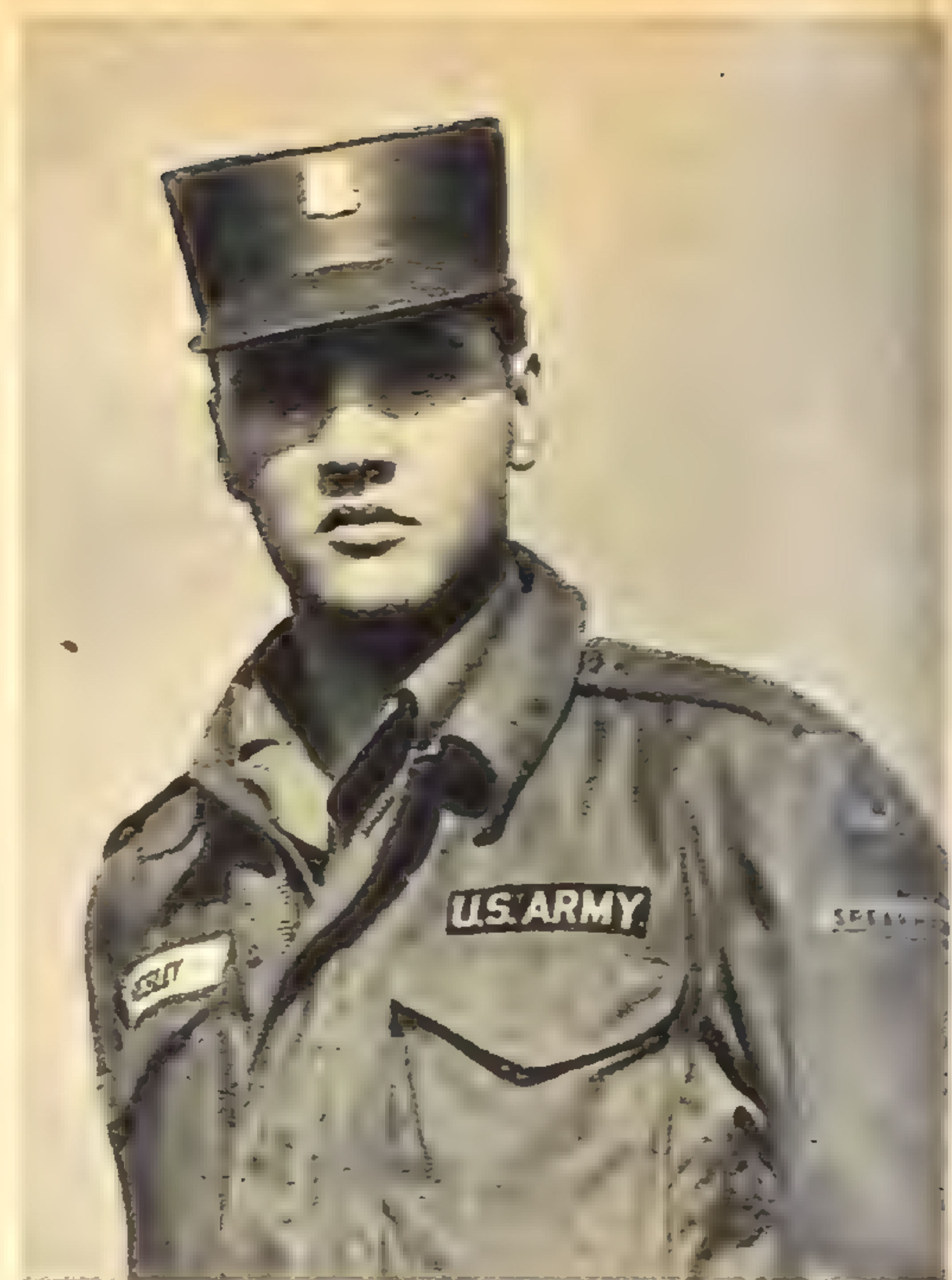
"When I first met Elvis," Dotty Harmony told me, "I would occasionally take a cocktail or a glass of wine. Elvis never preached at me. He just showed me what harm drinking could do by telling me of the many lives he'd seen ruined by drink. Not that I ever drank much. It wasn't hard to give up, but I haven't had anything to drink since I met Elvis, and I don't miss it."

"I really used to smoke up a storm," Dotty recalled. "Then when I was visiting with him in Memphis on New Year's Eve, I took out a cigarette, gave it a farewell look, and said, 'This is it. This is the last one. I'm making a New Year's resolution to give up smoking.' He was very pleased, and said, 'That's a good girl.'"

Thus it would seem that Elvis's search has been on for quite some time. The difference is that once out of the Army and with his mother gone the need is likely to become more urgent. Will his quest end with a girl he has not yet met, or will his mate be a girl he already knows? At various times he has been reported altar-bound with Barbara Hearn, Dotty Harmony, Yvonne Lime, Judy Spreckels, Ann Neyland, and most persistently, with Anita Wood. His romances with Dotty, Yvonne and Ann have long since expired. Judy Spreckels some time ago married another man.

Barbara Hearn, whom Elvis has known longer than any of the others, has bobbed in and out of his life. Time and again it has been this understanding pert hometown brunette to whom Elvis has returned after helling around beyond the hinterlands. Barbara and he are products of the same culture. They have no regional differences to bridge. Her wants have been demonstrably modest, and her pleasures just as demonstrably simple. Elvis always could relax and be himself with Barbara. From the beginning, her interest in his career seemed to border on the maternal.

Her pride in his accomplishments was deep and genuine. Elvis enjoyed listening to recordings which she compiled as her selections of his best efforts. She was equally happy riding on the back of his motorcycle, munching hamburgers with



ELVIS may not admit it, but when he gets out of the Army he'll be looking for a wife.

him, sipping Cokes or curling up in front of the record player at his house. Yet Barbara never has been in awe of him. Like his mother, she was under no illusions that he could do no wrong. She was more anxious that no wrong should come to him, and she had the spunk to speak up in that partisan cause. In many compelling respects, Barbara Hearn would seem cast in the image of Elvis's mother.

IF NOT Barbara Hearn, however, what about Anita Wood? Anita seemed closer to his mother than any other girl he knew. His mom was as fond of Anita as if she had been her own daughter—or was likely to be her daughter-in-law. Anita was home folks.

Anita's chances are by no means conclusive. Yet there are factors that weigh to her advantage. Anita hails from Jackson, Tenn. She, too, is a hometown girl. She and Elvis's mother share a common southern background. She talks the same language, the same dialect, likes the same food. She and his mom liked the same things about Elvis. Neither seemed to resent sharing him with the other.

Perhaps more to the point, Elvis gave signs of feeling much the same way toward Anita as he did toward his mom. Nothing pleased him more than to lavish largesse on his mother. He got the same charge out of overwhelming Anita with his impulsive generosity. The Christmas before he submitted his famous mane to an Army barber he gave Anita a pearl encrusted wrist watch in unique green and white Yuletide wrapping paper—a \$100 bill. Another time, when Anita mentioned that her vintage car was in for repairs again, he took her by the hand and said, "Come on. It's about time you had a good car." So he bought her a brand new Ford.

Yet the question of Elvis's marriage will not be resolved entirely by how he feels. The girl's feelings are somewhat

maine, too. No matter what he did, his mother never doubted that he was a good boy. What she might not understand, she had no difficulty forgiving. Would it be too much to expect of a young man—a girl subject to pardonable pangs of jealousy? His mother, for example, couldn't see anything wrong in Elvis's friendship with pretty singer Kitty Dolen at the same time Anita was carrying the torch for him. She would have been able to laugh off as harmless—in fact, healthy boyishness—Elvis's announcement that it was a major military objective if he ever got to Paris would be the then still single Brigitte Bardot. It did not distress his mother that in his work Elvis was called upon to pass out kisses like other stars give autographs. His wife could not ignore the way women go for Elvis. She would have to believe that his widely publicized flirtations were harmless—that only with time could he really assuage his hunger for affection. Otherwise, the burden would be unbearable.

The probability is that the girl who attracts Elvis—even if she is in show business—basically will be someone capable of the same affection and understanding he got from his mother. She would have to hold very loose reins. The girl who tried to possess him fully might hold him fast. It would be perilous suddenly to withdraw the enormous latitude to which Elvis has been accustomed. Yet the woman he marries also will have to have the spirit, not supinely countenance everything he does. It adds up to a rather large order indeed.

Moreover, Anita Wood has ambitions of her own. She wants to act and sing. His mother's only ambition was to work for Elvis's happiness, to make him comfortable, to let him be, to bask in his reflected glory.

Perhaps soon all will come out in the wash—the wash of a mother's tears and the wash of a sweetheart's tears, all somehow blended with the tears of a grieving son. When Pvt. Presley left for Ft. Hood, Texas, with no premonition of his mother's death, the scene was sanctified in years. His mother wept as mothers have since time immemorial. At his mother's side, a younger face also was awash with tears—the face of blonde Anita Wood.

Soon afterward, Anita's tears—tears that only so recently had fused with his mother's—were fused with Elvis's as she stood by his side while they buried his mother. Then Pvt. Presley was shipped to Germany. For the first time in his life, his mother was not there to shed tears at his going. But he was not without a woman to cry for him. Anita Wood was there—and she was unable to hold back her tears. No more—the thought may have struck Elvis—than his mother would have been able to.

Despite the undeniable obstacles, Elvis's outlook for marriage is not as discouraging as it may seem. He needs—and obviously asks—a lot of any girl he may marry. But there is a saving balance. Out

of his mother's image there is the comforting reminder that although Elvis always received generously of his mother, he always gave just as generously of himself. There was nothing one-sided about their relationship. He was not a spoiled, vain, ungrateful son who returned kindness with callous indifference. He himself emerged as a warm, giving and caring person. His wife would soon discover that he has as much need to bestow affection as to receive it. A wife who loved him unquestioningly might be sorely tried, but there seems little chance that she would be short-changed.

Once, not long before her sudden death, Elvis defended his attachment to his mother by declaring, "She can't be replaced." There is no reason to suppose that he is not now wise and mature enough to realize that there is a place

in his heart for a wife, and that by taking that place his wife would not be replacing his mother.

As Elvis once saw so clearly, that would be impossible. Fortunately, his mother taught him tolerance as well as love. She taught him to respect people's differences and to cherish their individuality. In the end, there is cause to believe Elvis will be able to value his wife for her own sake—not for how closely she may approximate his mother. His behavior—as a man and as a soldier—has encouraged the hope that if he settles for a girl who is different from his mother, he will not be necessarily settling for less. He is apt to be comforted in that decision, as in others, by the recollection of what his mother said whenever he did anything sensible and mature:

"I'm real proud of you, son." **END**

"Never Be Lonely"

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"I was examining jewelry and rouge pots in the Egyptian room. What a thrill to read the card in the show case. The woman who'd worn the necklace I admired may have been the Pharaoh's daughter who fished Moses out of the Nile. Imagine that!"

In the art galleries, Doris became the friend of great artists.

"Even though they were dead in a physical sense," she says, "their personalities were alive in their works."

She became interested in antiques, too, and delved into the private lives of their designers . . . Hepplewhite, Sheraton . . . even Paul Revere.

"And the interest in antiques," she says, "has continued. I made a grand discovery during the Les Brown engagement. I found out that I never need be lonely. Within myself I had resources to explore, learn, and enjoy every minute of every single day.

"Now I often like to be alone. In solitude people grow emotionally and spiritually. I enjoy quiet hours spent in reading and meditating. Time spent alone can be very rewarding."

Oh, don't misunderstand. Doris is no recluse. She adores her family. She has a world of friends. She's with people socially and professionally much more than she's by herself. But she doesn't have to rely on people for companionship.

Some of her favorite companions, for example, are books. She is really an insatiable reader.

"Oh, a great many subjects interest me," she declares, "both fiction and non-fiction. And I like philosophical and inspirational books. Just all kinds."

Because Doris, personally, has licked loneliness, she isn't indifferent to the loneliness of others.

"I know there are hundreds and thou-

sands of lonely people in the world," she deplores, "and it's tragic . . . especially since many of them need not be alone. For those who can get out and get jobs, I recommend work.

"My work is a source of enormous pleasure. I love it. Of course, I know some people can't get jobs . . . there are none open, they are ill, or, maybe, they are confined at home with young children.

"But, even they need not be lonely. Hobbies are great spare time consumers, for instance. I like to knit personally. And I paint.

"Don't think that you have to have a big talent to try something creative. Take piano lessons just for fun. Make charcoal sketches or try to write a sonnet.

"You don't have to do it well to have fun trying.

"And, above everything else, read. If you'd like to spend an afternoon with Alexander the Great or fly across the Atlantic with Lindbergh, it's easy. Grab a book."

Although Doris knows the worth of being alone, books, hobbies, and study aren't the only prescription that she had for loneliness.

"Don't wait for people to come to you," she advises. "Go to them. My mother has joined several church groups that provide social contacts as well as inspiration and an outlet for energy. They have parties and get-togethers. Mother has made a number of new friends and she always has something to do."

There are potential friends all around you, Doris thinks. Every day is an invitation to learn and explore and grow.

"Be lonely? Never!" she declares. "The world is too full of wonderful things and wonderful people."

True, Doris, true. And not the least of the latter is yourself. **END**

After 11 Years...

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man could be so fantastically lucky twice in picking remarkable women to marry. After a tragic accident my first wife died, leaving me with two small children. Only a very special person could pick up the shattered and lost little family that was mine at that moment and weld it into the happy group it has become ever since Hjordis appeared on the scene. She knows me much better than I know myself. She also smiles tolerantly at all my foibles. And with all her wonderful qualities, she is also a visual delight."

Hjordis, a famous Swedish fashion model, was called "one of the most beautiful women in all Europe." She'd been married to a wealthy Swedish business man, Carl Gustav Tersmeden, from whom she'd been divorced in 1947. During a London vacation she was invited to a set at Pinewood Studios where "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was being filmed. She sat down in a canvas chair plainly labeled "David Niven" on the back.

"The film," David recalled, "was an absolute disaster and I was finishing it preparatory to returning to Hollywood. In my long blond curled wig and dashing red kilt, I stepped away from the camera and was very annoyed to see someone sitting in my chair. 'Throw her out!' I told the prop man, crossly. Instead, he told her politely that Mr. Niven wanted his chair. The young lady thought that rude and said so. 'Certainly I'll give him his chair,' she agreed, 'but who in the world is Mr. Niven?' I went over to tell her but my anger evaporated as I looked into her lovely eyes and it seemed only proper to invite her to lunch."

AND after that, dinner together seemed a good idea to both. Two days later, Niven asked Hjordis to marry him, and ten days later, they were on their way to a London registry office for the ceremony. As they entered the room, David, in an off-hand manner, whispered to Hjordis, "Remind me to pick up the children at their school as soon as we're finished."

The slim, tall, blue-eyed beauty came to an abrupt halt. "What children?" she blurted out. It seemed that David had forgotten to tell about the sons of his first marriage. He vowed he did; has said she was so bemused by love that she didn't listen. It became a huge joke between them. And though David, an incomparable raconteur, delights in telling stories which cast a somewhat doubtful light on his integrity, the truth probably is that it is just a story, since David was, and is, a devoted father.

At any rate, they gathered up the boys and returned to Hollywood—to live a rather Bohemian existence in the spacious, rambling English country house in the Pacific Palisades near the ocean, a house which Niven has owned for many

years. Lovely Hjordis stayed completely out of David's professional limelight; she enjoyed her role as mistress of the establishment, loved swimming in their salt-water pool, playing croquet with David and friends ("The Nivens always win because we know where the bumps are"), and watching the changing ocean from the living room windows. "I never want to live anywhere else," Hjordis told friends. "I love this house as much as David does."

Yet today the house is closed—the laughter has fled.

BUT when they first came, they took their place in the sophisticated life of the film colony, even as, in their extensive travels, they moved in the worldly international set of Noel Coward, Sir Winston Churchill, and the Rainiers of Monaco. When the Duke and Duchess of Windsor paid Hollywood a visit recently, the Nivens were chosen to sit at their table at an elegant dinner party.

David and Hjordis were known to have the same tastes, delighting in deep-sea fishing; were skin-diving addicts long before it became a popular sport. They also enjoyed excavating for valuable relics, vases and coins in Italy. Two years ago they flew around the world on a five-month vacation.

An indefatigable letter-writer, he also sent back periodic reports of his travels to all the local columnists, who adore him. "Niven," said one lady gossip-writer, "is absolutely loaded with that debonair charm, the kind that comes from being sure of one's self, and yet not giving a good gosh darn. He's the type of man who is a long distillation of heritage, habit, culture and wealth, overlaid with talent. Even in frayed linen and empty pockets, driving a borrowed car, he can make a millionaire feel inferior. The nice thing about the smoothness of this chatty chap with the winning wit is that he underplays it, stopping safely short of the handkissing line."

Can it be that men of charm like Niven's great friend, Cary Grant, are not a success as husbands—that pure charm wears thin in day-to-day living?

Cary's three wives possibly found that this charm, like a faucet, can be turned off at home, and thus account for three divorces. Hjordis Niven doesn't say, but not long ago she did hint that her husband is very set in his ways, even a bit stubborn. "David," she declared, "can be pig-headed, inflexible about things. This can be trying at times. He believes in long-range planning, even likes to plan years ahead. In 1950, he'll say, 'Now, in 1955 we'll do this or that.' The plans never work out, of course."

"Also, when he becomes angry, he keeps things to himself. When I lose my

temper, he goes into the cellar and stays there for three hours. He simply won't fight back, which, as any wife knows, is very frustrating when you're itching for a good slam-bang argument."

"I'm a late sleeper," continued Hjordis, "and a grumpy waker-upper. And many mornings I'll find David at the foot of the bed, attired in top hat and cane or some other outlandish costume, doing an old London music hall number. It is so infuriating to have to laugh before breakfast. But you can't stay angry with the man. Even when you have the bedroom papered in a very smart but deep charcoal and he goes around muttering about sleeping 'in the black hole of Calcutta.'"

"But I think it makes a wonderful background for paintings—those we've bought and David's and my originals. I've been trained as an artist in Sweden, and when David took up painting, he soon was doing excellent work, painting circles around me. It's rather irritating to me ego. But really, I've always found David just as charming at home as he is on the screen. I've never been bored a moment."

There are those who say Hjordis was bored at home, left too much to herself while David, when he wasn't working on a film, allotted half a day to keeping up his voluminous and witty correspondence the other hours to acting as vice-president of the hugely successful Four Star Playhouse TV series he owns with Dick Powell and Charles Boyer. Evenings were spent on "homework"—a full briefcase of scripts to read for his own television show. "Because of our TV venture," he grinned, "you might call me a tycoon or at least, one third of a tycoon."

THE beautiful Swedish ex-mannequin may have wondered: Did success spoil David Niven? Is it true that the Oscar he carried home so jauntily last April went to his head? While the polished raconteur and sophisticate ("I believe that I am a true sophisticate") continued to enchant his listeners, there was a hint that after Oscar time, David began to feel his oats somewhat, to take himself a bit too seriously. His temper became edgy, his wit a little sharp and he was inclined to sudden shows of annoyance with co-workers. All this may have been a reflection of growing unhappiness at home. At any rate, when he wanted something, according to an intimate, "he set about getting it with a little less tact and suavity than one would expect in a very proper British gentleman."

All this happened once before. Just after the war in which Niven served with distinction for six years, he returned to Hollywood feeling pretty cocky about himself and his capabilities, including acting. As David himself put it, "Unfortunately I began to believe every word of my publicity. I had won the way single-handed. I was the finest actor extant. I'd been carrying on a long, rankling feud with Samuel Goldwyn, to whom I'd



JUST about as happy as anyone could be, David's all smiles as he clutches his Oscar.

been a bondsman for many years. I got full of myself that I marched into Sam's office and told him he would have to do better by me or I wanted my release. Then and there Goldwyn decided he could do beautifully without me. I had been getting two thousand a week and I blew it away, just like that! I didn't work again for a solid 18 months. And I learned my lesson."

It was noticed by co-workers that David took his role of the dishonored British major in "Separate Tables" very, very seriously. He apologized to his co-star, Deborah Kerr, telling her, "This major fellow touched me and I wanted to do him justice. I couldn't think of anything else. So I sort of locked myself away from the rest of the cast. I hope they didn't find me dull."

No one could ever call David Niven dull, but it was noticed that he took the whole Oscar race Very Big. Hjordis is known for her live-and-let-live attitude toward life while David is a continual worrier. "Waiting out the awards was a terrible strain for six weeks," David confessed. "I didn't even want to talk about it or have it mentioned around the house by my wife or sons. The whole strain really got me and I'm afraid I showed it at home."

A careful man with a penny, Niven, clearly a red hot contender for Oscar honors from the very beginning, actually paid for several thousand dollars of personal ads for himself. It's been rumored that Niven has a predilection for squeezing the buffalo on an American nickel. And there is the feeling that the man who confesses he's a "wire coat hanger saver" may have been a bit too careful in financial matters for a wife who'd been the darling of a wealthy first husband, noted as one of the best-dressed women in the film colony.

According to that lady, "the one day in the month that David is not his charming

self is the first day. The bills come in. David goes around all day with a long face. Believe me, there is no roguish humor that day. But he is divine to go shopping with. "Take it, take it," he says, mopping his brow and anxious to leave. And inevitably comes the first of the month. Sometimes I go to the cellar!"

Hjordis also admitted that David is "house proud. He simply adores his antiques, the exquisite Regency pieces he brought with him from England, a wonderful Chippendale table, fine old mahogany and satinwood. I had two poodles that I adored but they climbed all over the furniture and I'm sorry to say, they slowly ruined it. David, poor dear, stood it as long as he could. Then one day he announced: 'The dogs have to go!' And they went."

Like many British fathers, David is a stern disciplinarian to his two sons, David, Jr., now 16, and Jamie, 13. On the set one day Niven was telling pals how he had to punish David, Jr., for some infraction at school. "I told the boy," Niven said, "Chum, I have to punish you but it will hurt me more than it does you. Since I don't relish the role of the cruel father, I am going to let you choose your own birch switch!"

When David and Hjordis were married, the boys were mere youngsters of six and three. But now that they are in their teens it may be that the Nivens are at odds on how they should be reared.

ONLY the two partners in this marriage really know what has led them to a parting of the way after 11 years. A close friend scoffs at rumors of a triangle. "I don't believe for one minute that any outsiders are involved," she said. "I've seen this rift widening between the Nivens for some time and I think they were powerless against it. Hjordis hasn't been well lately and she's been leading too solitary a life, whether by choice or not. David, a gregarious soul, has been so busy with all his projects that he hasn't been able to devote himself to her as he did some years ago.

"I think these two genuinely nice people have just fallen out of love—they have found the growing incompatibility of temperament has made them miserable together. And rather than go on, living a lie as a happily married couple, they've agreed to handle it honestly and separate. In time, I believe, they'll agree on a quiet divorce. It's sad, but that's how life is sometimes."

James David Graham Niven has had his share of sadness, beginning with an unhappy childhood. He was born 49 years ago in Kurriemuir, Scotland, the son of a wealthy military man, William Graham Niven, and Henrietta de Gacher. When David was six, his father was killed in World War I and his beautiful French mother married Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt. Recalls David, "My stepfather disliked me intensely and I him; shipped me off to a boarding school. I felt completely

alone in the world, a miserable and insecure lad brought up in the Spartan 'stout fellow' tradition in which tears are frowned on. In school, I got into a spot of trouble and my stepfather, who had hardly ever spoken to me, had me sent to a kind of reform school for a few weeks. I haven't spoken to him in the last 25 years."

Later the boy was transferred to fashionable Stowe School where he contracted a rare disease of the jugular vein. He wears a silver tube in his throat and was operated on seven times. Later he was enrolled at Sandhurst, Great Britain's West Point. Bored with Army life, the handsome six-foot, blue-eyed and red-haired penniless army officer resigned, went to work in the lumber camps of Toronto, when a friend offered him a free ticket. Soon the officer-gentleman-lumberjack hit New York and promptly moved into the Waldorf-Astoria, though he was completely without funds ("always travel first-class, old boy; I insisted on it even in my leanest days"). Niven had met heiress Barbara Hutton briefly in London, phoned her in New York, and became a guest at her Palm Beach estate.

"For years," says Quentin Reynolds, "David was a bum trading on his smile and his charm for ham and eggs." He hobnobbed with society, hugely eligible as a result of his charm, his correct British accent and his aloof bearing. After a short period as a soldier of fortune in Cuba, Niven finally reached Hollywood where he became a professional house guest of such notables as the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The town's important hostesses vied for him as a dinner guest while he was literally living by his wits. Lack of funds forced him to develop an ingenuity and degree of charm which might, in more fortunate circumstances, have remained dormant.

Niven's rise as a film actor was unspectacular but slowly he became a fine actor until his career was interrupted by the war. In London, he married his first wife, Primula Rollo, daughter of the Honorable William and Lady Kathleen Rollo. She'd been in Hollywood only six weeks when she stepped through a door in the dark at the late Ty Power's home and fell to her death. At the time, Niven said simply, "When I lost Primmie, I lost a part of my life. It was like going crazy very slowly." Friends reported that he very nearly attempted suicide on at least two occasions.

The patchwork of David Niven's life has been filled with tragic happenings. And the separation from Hjordis is the last one. It is hoped that his personal philosophy will sustain him. "I am convinced," he said not long ago, "that heaven and hell are right where we are on earth. Life is a Grand National Steeplechase. We are given certain hurdles to get over and certain opportunities. If you don't spot the breaks, you miss them. It doesn't matter who wins. It's getting around the course that counts." **END**

Untying The Apron Strings

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Going out merely because of boredom wouldn't occur to her; her life is too full of things. I, myself, have loads of friends, but that girl of mine would rather have one true friend than 20 casual ones."

So far, Sandra hasn't fallen in love but, like any teenager, she's had innumerable crushes on older men—Raymond Burr, Rock Hudson, Stewart Granger, Rex Harrison and Paul Newman.

"Older men, well, they're simply fascinating," sighs Sandra, happily. "Sometimes I'm in love with three at a time. I saw 'Cat On A Hot Tin Roof' five times because of Paul. Oooh, those aquamarine eyes of his . . . they look right through you! Whenever he came near me on 'Until They Sail' I'd blush. And when I blush even my ears turn red. "I just hated Joanne Woodward for a month after they got married. Then one day I said to myself, 'Oh, pooh, let her have him,' and I transferred my affections to Rex Harrison, saw him four times in 'My Fair Lady.'"

Curious as to the meaning of these sudden crushes, Sandy consulted her mother. That experienced lady told her that kind of admiration was harmless—really meant that Sandy wasn't yet ready to fall in love and was only playing at it with improbable and impossible suitors. So now Sandy's rule is: *If at first you fall in love—don't!*

THE chestnut-eyed young charmer adores getting all gussied up in one of her dozen formal gowns, very high-heeled pumps and champagne mink stole; her corn-silk silvery hair in a sophisticated up-sweep, dangling gold and pearl bracelets and fine gold earrings. "I love big, splashy premieres as much as any tourist," grins Sandy. "I get so excited seeing what everybody is wearing and who's there that I must go back later to really see the picture!"

A big problem for perfectionist Sandy was what to wear to the elegant graduation party producer Ross Hunter gave for her at his home. And then she was off to New York *alone*—a graduation gift from her mother. "I've always gone with Sandra everywhere before," says her suddenly serious young mother, "and now the time is coming when Sandy must learn to be on her own. Of course, she'll visit our relatives and have a girl friend staying with her at the hotel part of the time, but still I'm worried, like any mother, as to how Sandy will react to independence. And I realize that maybe with our too close association I've pampered and spoiled her some. It won't be long before she's 21 and will really be on her own. And I'll have to make a life for myself, too. It's a painful process—this untying of the apron strings. She's never had the kind of childhood most girls have; she's missed out on lots of things because of

her modeling and now her picture work. But, looking at it another way, she's gained so many things, sometimes I feel she should just count her blessings."

Although this highly-capable youngster has made all her own career decisions, she has never known what it means to be on her own. Up until now, this was one of the things her mother never had occasion to teach her. For Eugene Douvan, Sandra's step-father, was a wealthy, commanding, somewhat autocratic, but loving father and husband—one who took complete charge of their lives. The three were inseparable, always among the elegantly dressed first-nighters at Broadway openings, the Met and ballet. They dined at the de luxe restaurants. And Sandra was always with them. She and her mother worshipped Eugene Douvan, and his untimely death, three years ago, left them utterly desolate.

Circumstances matured Sandy in many ways, yet she is still a strange contradiction of child and woman. Her unusual childhood has made her more poised, more socially assured than other motion picture actresses of her age; she has no worries about how to talk to an adult or what fork to use. So she wasn't particularly worried about registering at a swank New York hotel on her trip or meeting the press and photographers there. "But how I'll ever get myself up in the morning I don't know," she exclaimed, eyes wide, as she removed the dark glasses (worn against the smog.)

"I loathe getting up in the morning as much as I hate going to bed," continued Sandy. "I'm a walking Zombie in the morning and if Butch didn't lay out the clothes I'm to wear, I'd never get to the studio on time. The packing and unpacking, too, will be murder. I hate to say it, but I'm a most untidy person. Butch tries to teach me, but like a measles inoculation, it never takes. When I finish with anything I just leave it. Towels get draped over lamps when I rush to answer the phone. My favorite bracelet is likely to be on the refrigerator where I left it when I was fixing dinner. I'm always in such a hurry and so anxious to get on to the next project that everything gets into one grand mess!"

MRS. DOUVAN, too, has a few well-chosen words to say on *that* subject. "It's the one thing we mostly quarrel about," the vivacious Butch admitted. "If I complain—and I *do*, Sandy says, 'Well, I'm not perfect; I'm just a growing girl. You wouldn't want to live with an absolute genius, would you? I don't mind picking up after Sandy, but sometimes I decide I'll just teach her. So when she asks for a particular sweater or scarf, I tell her to look for it herself. But when I see her rooting through the neatly-arranged dres-



DESPITE her success in pictures, Sandra hasn't as yet acquired a sophisticated air.

ser drawers, I can't stand it and get what she wants myself.

"One night Sandy went to a party in a beautiful new gown with a zipper in the back. I'd gone out to visit friends and when Sandy returned, she phoned me in a tizzy, saying she couldn't unzip the zipper, and she was going to sleep in the dress because she was dead tired and had to be up early in the morning. I told her I'd be home as soon as I could; that she *must* not go to sleep in that lovely dress. When I arrived, there was Sandra sound asleep in bed with the dress on!

"Even as a little girl she was terribly particular about what dress or what hair ribbon she wanted to wear. Everything had to be just so. And then, when she was through with it, there it would be on the floor."

By most standards, Sandra would be called extravagant in the matter of clothes. As far removed from the Beatnik type as possible, she believes that an actress should always be well-dressed in public. Joan Crawford and Lana Turner are her models. The fragile little star (all of 95 pounds and looking as if a good-sized breeze could blow her away) has more sweaters and skirts than she can count; dozens of dressy outfits and enough shoes to stock a shop. But in the matter of extravagance, she cannot be rated on the basis of the ordinary teenager because Sandra earns so much more than they do. She admits that she likes high-style clothing, far too sophisticated for her age. And if permitted, she would wear 'em, too.

It was only last summer that Mrs. Douvan allowed Sandy to buy her own clothes. "I was amazed at her excellent taste, at the chic and becoming things she picked out," Mrs. Douvan commented. "Now, she can shop for me better than I can. She'll come home, all smiles, saying

he's bought me a present. I'm pleased, naturally, but that little schemer has also bought herself a couple of dresses—uses my present as an excuse for her extravagance. She never questions herself or her decisions. Even when shopping, if she buys too tight shoes or something in an unbecoming color, she'll say, 'No, I'm not sorry. At least, now I know what *not* to buy in the future.'"

There were two things Sandra wanted above all—a T-bird on her 16th birthday, and a house with a swimming pool. Now she has both. The house, an elegant hill-top one, Sandra adores. The four-seater Thunderbird she'd like to trade in for a fancy foreign sports car. "But I'll never get it," moans Sandra, "not even if I turn blue." Sandra, though, can be tremendously persuasive, and chances are good that she'll get what she wants soon.

She has, too, a mind of her own. And showed it, even as early as four years old. Mrs. Douvan remembers the time the determined little tot wouldn't eat her cereal. Arguments and promises of gifts failed; nothing would change her mind. Mrs. Douvan knows better now, but then she says, "I could stuff all the cereal I wanted into her mouth, and she'd just keep it there until her cheeks puffed out and she turned blue in the face." Through the years Sandy's capricious appetite has been a battleground between mother and daughter. At present, they've declared an uneasy truce.

But for Sandra's abilities, confidence, stamina and self-discipline, Mrs. Douvan has only admiration. She's never understood how her daughter could study with

both the radio and TV on. "It's easy," Sandy grins, "if you have the sound on the TV set turned off and if you have enough gum to chew!" It was easy, too, for Sandy to learn to drive without driving lessons. She'd watched friends drive, practiced with a girl friend for a half-hour up and down hilly Beverly Glen, then passed her driving test with flying colors. "It took me months to learn," says Mrs. Douvan, "and then I flunked the test three times. What are you going to do with a girl like that? It's enough to give anyone an inferiority complex."

Sandra Dee hasn't done that with a most eligible and handsome young actor—Edd Byrnes. Of her, Edd says enthusiastically: "Sandra has one of the freshest, dewiest faces to turn up in Hollywood in a long time. She's been in a number of big pictures, and you might expect that she'd be acquiring some measure of sophistication by now. But not Sandra—she's still as breathlessly thrilled by everything that's happening to her as Alice was, dropping into Wonderland. I was on a television show with her not long ago, and was enchanted by her wide-eyed awe at it all. Done sincerely by the right type (which Sandra Dee most certainly is), this can make a fellow feel ten feet tall."

Mary Douvan is a devoted mother. She's teaching her daughter everything she can so that by the time Sandra is ready to vote, the little beauty will have bridged the gap between adolescence and maturity. And such open admiration as expressed by Edd Byrnes should convince her of the fine job she's doing. **END**

going with Maxie?" and Cindy could only say, "He's just a friend."

Cindy mourns, "Joey didn't even get a chance to ask for my phone number. But I knew Joey lived at the Waldorf-Astoria. Shrinking violet, me. I phoned him the next morning to ask him if he would take me out to lunch."

Two years later, they were married. Their honeymoon took them to London, Paris, Rome, Israel. They had a private audience with the Pope and when they reached Jerusalem, Joey, who had sold three million dollars worth of bonds for Israel, was a guest of honor of the government. Proudly, Cindy recalls, "He even made David Ben-Gurion laugh."

Another major tour took them around the world, at their own expense, to entertain the Armed Forces.

It was rugged. Often they went by helicopter and jeep to remote installations where large entertainment units never penetrated. On their return, Joey set himself the task of telephoning some 1,500 families. Often the message from a GI who had been downy-faced when he left home was, "Tell my mother I've become a man."

He was ready to tear up his address book, however, when a New Jersey woman replied, "That's interesting. I'm the mother of a WAC."

Between trips, Cindy settled into Joey's Fifth Avenue apartment, overlooking Central Park. He had been proud of its decor. Cindy sniffed, "It's done in early scrapbook," and proceeded to convert it into her own favorite color scheme of black, white and red.

From a mirror-lined, red-and-white tiled foyer, one enters a living room where the rug is deep red, the sofa black and the chairs are upholstered in black and white checks. The big desk where both Joey and Cindy write is at the picture window. One wall is solid with bright-jacketed books on white shelves. Oil portraits, several of Joey and Cindy, are interspersed with landscapes above the sofa.

It is a charming and gracious apartment and one which also reveals the serious side of the lives of these always-laughing comics. The walls of the dining room and the foyer are covered with some 100 plaques and scrolls conveying the appreciation of nearly every major charitable organization in the country to comedian Joey Adams for his generosity in benefits. His major citation this season came from The March Of Dimes which named him Man Of The Year.

Cindy may say facetiously, "Joey has done benefits to fight diseases that haven't even been discovered yet," and "If Joey doesn't stop doing benefits for everyone else, some one will have to do a benefit for the Adamses," but inwardly she is proud of her big-hearted husband. She says sincerely, "Joey is grateful for all the good things God has given to him. I don't think he would be able to live with himself if he didn't try to pass some of this goodness along to others." **END**

Joey And His Cindy

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standing on a Brooklyn street corner, waving my arms, shouting, and imitating a politician giving a speech. The little man at the edge of the crowd who laughed the hardest turned out to be none other than Fiorello LaGuardia."

The friendship which began that day remained strong through Joey's days in public school and at the College Of The City Of New York, through his performing apprenticeship at amateur shows and on the Borscht circuit. The mayor was on hand when his protege made his Broadway bow at Loew's State. He also brought his friends. When the theatre manager saw the police commissioner, the fire commissioner and assorted other brass gather in the lobby, he rushed up, frantic. "What's wrong, Mr. Mayor?" he demanded. "Whatever it is, give us another chance. What can we do?"

The Mayor's eyes twinkled. "Just give Joey Adams a raise and hold him over for another week."

Cindy Heller's classic beauty made her a cover girl while she was still in her

teens. She played bit parts in a few movies and 57 times she was chosen Miss Something Or Another. Cindy chafed at posing serene and silent. "I like to make people laugh. Under all the layers of glamour, I really was at heart, a baggy-pants comedian."

Audiences, however, did not expect a young, pretty girl to be funny. Wistfully, she recalls, "I'm probably the only gal who got cancelled out of a show at a Philadelphia tryout. The director pointed a finger at me and said, 'You're not going on.'"

Her friend, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, consoled her by taking her to the Copacabana. A radio show then originated there. He said, "I know the commentator. He'll interview you and you can try your gags on the air."

Cindy's ardor to tell jokes diminished when Joey Adams, complete with entourage—press agent, manager, writers and a couple of cousins—walked in. Maxie introduced them. He also stuck close. Joey could only whisper, "Are you

Hollywood Love Life

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BOB BUSY—In the past when Bob Evans has come out from New York for movie roles he's been the glamour girls delight: he's the party, night club and dating type. When he arrived for "The Best Of Everything," he and his brother, Charles, leased a big home in Beverly Hills and the gals expected lots of parties. But Bob fooled 'em this time. He has a tough role in "Best"—he's a real heel in this—and he's determined to prove he's an actor. So he's sticking to business and studying. No parties! He's had some quiet dinner dates with Stella Stevens.

BABY TALK—Nick Adams and bride Carol Nugent have a date with the stork in February. Meantime, Nick has Carol in three of his "Rebel" TV segments. . . . Richard and Pat Egan expect a little Egan in January but Pat has been warned she must get lots of rest. Rich, who is in "Pollyanna," has had much worry lately; his mother and brother both had serious surgery. . . . Dick "Real McCoys" Crenna and wife Penni welcomed son Richard Anthony. . . . Jerry Lewis's Patti hopes her November-due baby will be a girl. They have four boys. . . . Ty Hardin and Andra Martin think they may welcome twins in November.

ROMANTICAL—Peter Palmer, who created the role of "Li'l Abner" on Broadway, is here to repeat the role for the film. He's a real "romantic" type. He married his schooldays sweetheart, Jackie Gleason, no relation to the other J.G. She was Miss University of Illinois and he played football there. They've been married four years and have four of the cutest children you'd ever hope to see. And Jackie says she'd like to have nine! For his September birthday she's giving him a wedding ring!

NOT YET—Friends thought Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow might marry as soon as her divorce was final, but they didn't. Instead they announced their engagement. Jill says she wants a long engagement this time; her first was short and she felt that was a mistake. Jill has a new apartment which she'll share with Nina Shipman. The two gals are very *sympatico* because Nina also had an early, unsuccessful marriage. She's now dating screen writer Peter Gilman.

UNHITCHED—Deborah Kerr has her interlocutory decree of divorce from Tony Bartley. After she finishes "Beloved Infidel," she'll go to England to see her two daughters, then on to Australia for "The Sundowners." . . . Brett Halsey will have his final divorce papers about the time you read this and then will marry Luciana Paluzzi, the Italian doll who has the lead opposite David—formerly Al—Hedison in the TV series, "Five Fingers."

INTERNATIONAL—It's been a prolonged and three-continent honeymoon for Curt Jurgens and his bride, the former Simone Bicheron, a French model. They were married just before he came to Hollywood for "Blue Angel." At film's end, they went to North Africa where she spent her childhood, then on to Vienna where Curt grew up.

FRIGHTENING—Boy friend Dick Sargent insisted that June Blair have her phone number changed to a new, unlisted one after she had repeated mysterious calls in the middle of the night. June's apartment was also burglarized but the only things stolen were record albums on which her picture appeared. Real weird.

B. F. BOSS—Kim Novak won't discuss possible marriage plans with producer-director Richard Quine. But it's on the record that she'll star in his first independent production, "Strangers When We Meet," with Kirk Douglas and Ernie Kovacs also in the film.

BRACED—You teenagers who hate braces on your teeth should be happy to know that even young Hollywood stars need 'em. Cute little Roberta Shore of "Shaggy Dog" and "Blue Denim" came to the premiere of "Say One For Me" with teeth in braces. As she flashed her ingratiating smile at photogs, she giggled, "How do you like my tin grin?" Boy friend David Stollery didn't mind.

CHANGED—Richard Beymer used to say one of the things he liked about girl friend Frances McHale was her complete disinterest in acting. But now she's become an actress and is in "Li'l Abner." But he's still dating her. Dick hasn't had a picture assignment since "Diary Of Anne Frank," so took a philosophy course at UCLA last Summer, said it was "help-

ful" while waiting to go to work. He's on salary but would prefer to be busy.

LONG DISTANCE—Floyd Simmons and Linda Christian continue romancing by phone, while he's in Hollywood and she's in Europe. Floyd got himself a new agent who set him for one of the two leads in the revamped TV series, "The Lineup." Agent also got Floyd some publicity as a "youngster" and a "newcomer." How's that again? Floyd's in his 30's, has been under contract at MGM, U-I and 20th!

OPTIMISTIC—Gordon "Tarzan" Scott is telling chums he hopes for a reconciliation with wife Vera Miles. After their split she went to Europe for three months for "Jovanka" and Gordon trusts their time apart may prove helpful for "thinking things out."

SURPRISE—Tony Curtis told Janet Leigh he wanted to give her a birthday party but didn't see how he could manage a surprise. So Janet did all the planning but rebelled at ordering herself a birthday cake. She was confident there would be no element of surprise for her but she figured without sentimental Tony. At sundown he had a chartered plane fly over the house and the assembled guests; streaming out behind the plane was a huge banner reading "Happy Birthday, Janet." The Curtises are working together again in "Who Was That Lady?"

WINTER WEDDING—James Darren and Evy Norlund now admit they'll wed when his divorce is final in December. Jimmy is co-starring with Sal Mineo in "The Gene Krupa Story," will sing a number in it and do his own trumpeting.

BUSY BACHELORS—Sal Mineo has been lunch-dating co-star Susan Kohner but has been so busy entertaining his mother and sister, who vacationed with him, that he's had few other dates.

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PREMIERE is attended by Kay and Clark Gable, still King of Hearts to many fans.




SOMETHING distracts Carolyn Jones while dancing with her husband Aaron Spelling.

Screenland Variety Values

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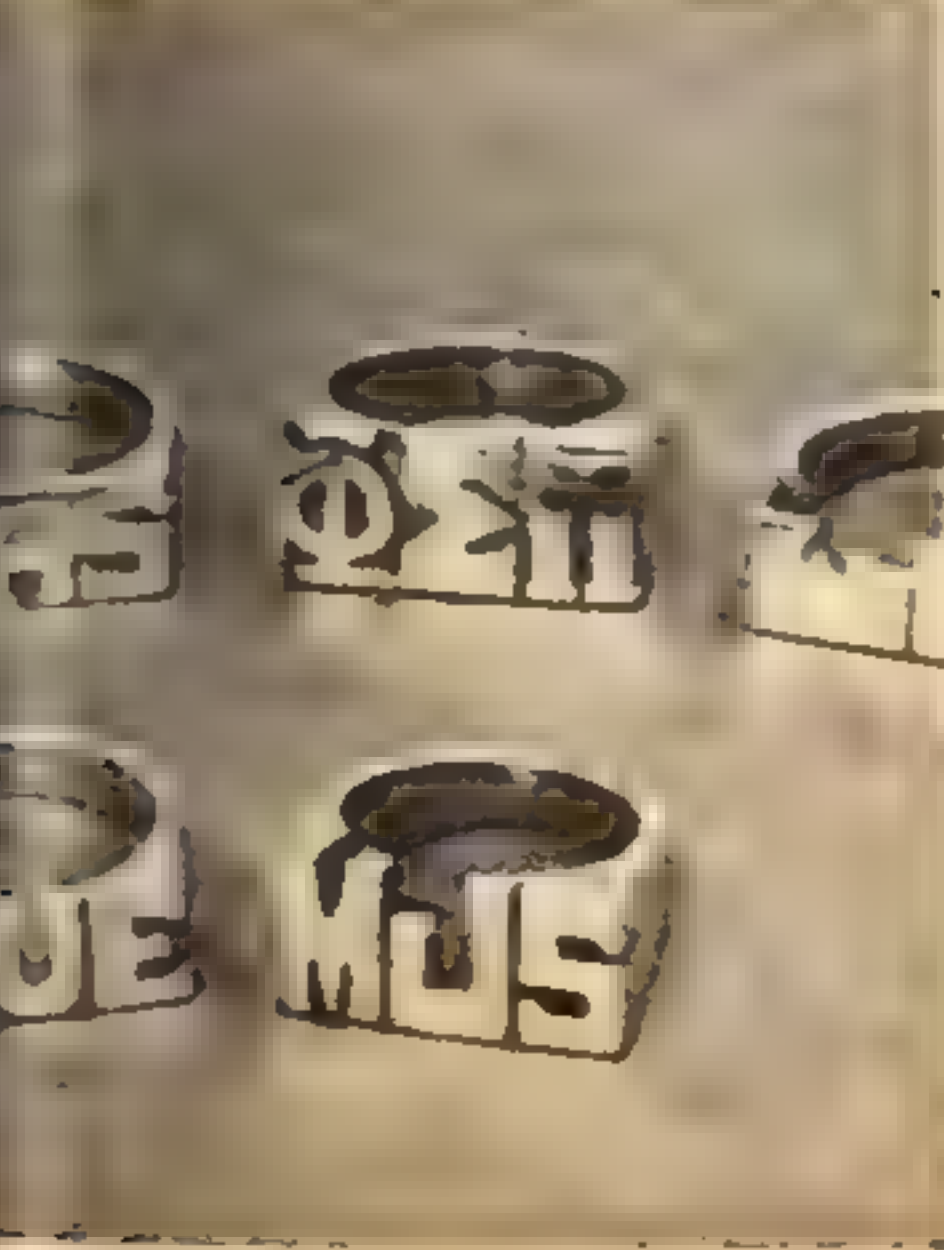
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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 62

ALL OVER—Peter "Lawman" Brown and Diane Jergens tried a reconciliation which lasted three months but now they have separated again. . . . Bob "Wagon Train" Horton and Cindy Robbins still have dates but the "big romance" seems to be a thing of the past. . . . It was a real shocker when David Niven and wife Hjordis separated after 11 years of marriage. Theirs was supposedly an "ideal" marriage; friends hope they'll reconcile.

DATING AGAIN—John Smith and Luanna Patton called off their steady dating a few months back when marriage rumors got out of hand. "It seemed our friends were trying to push us up to the altar," says John. For a while they didn't date each other at all; now they have resumed and "like each other the most" but are careful to have other dates, too. Hoagy Carmichael is writing special songs for John to sing in his NBC "Laramie" TV series and John is also taking guitar lessons. Another singing cowboy?

HELPFUL—Tom Tryon has been dating Betty Lynn, a cute little redhead. So then he got her the femme lead in his "Texas John Slaughter" series. Ironically, the script calls for her to hate him for the first several episodes!

DATA ON DATES—Discount the seriousness of those dates Keith Larson and Taina Elg are having; they have no marriage plans, as of now. Keith is also dating Inger Stevens and Claire Kelly. . . . Earl Holliman, a very sick boy during the summer, recovered in time to give a welcome-home party for Dolores Hart who spent a year on Broadway in "The Pleasure Of His Company." . . . Henry

Fonda's 18-year-old daughter Jane made her movie debut in "Tall Story" with Tony Perkins and they've also been sharing some dates.

SERIOUS—Victoria Shaw has been very worried girl. That accident husband Roger Smith had was much more serious than the neck whiplash it was first thought to be. He kept having violent headaches and was in and out of the hospital. Finally and just in time, it was diagnosed as a blood clot on the brain. The serious surgery was successful but Roger was to have to rest eight weeks. "77 Sun Strip" is shooting around him.

CONSOLATION—It was more than a hotfoot when Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins shot himself in the leg! Fortunately, it was a blank cartridge but he had a nasty powder burn. Dorothy Bailey, a press secretary at his studio and his favorite date, consoled him. Wait until you see Will in kilts for a "Sugarfoot" segment called "MacBrewster the Bold."

SHORT SHOTS—Steve Parker gave his wife Shirley MacLaine with diamond earrings to celebrate the success of the Japanese show he brought to Las Vegas. Shirley loved the baubles so much she even wore them with a bathing suit while rehearsing dances for "Can-Can" . . . Barbara Rush was hospitalized by a stroke about a month after her marriage to Warren Cowan. Her bridegroom sends her a single rose every hour! . . . Doris "Alaskans" Provine and Jim "Nashville" Franciscus have Discovered Each Other. . . . And Diane Baker will be kissed by Pat Boone in "Journey To The Center Of The Earth."

He's No Pushover

continued from page 50

(Will's name for them) arranged golf games, horseback rides and dinner parties. "Good ol' Hutch" (their name for Will) was known to be a good-hearted, generous guy and the first few times he didn't mind picking up the check. Then it became an automatic thing, as the guest list expanded and the tab grew in proportion. It came as a great shock the next time his "buddies" called Will and found his number changed and unlisted.

"Wonder where they were before I got into pictures," Will wryly observes. "It was pretty obvious why they suddenly decided they couldn't live without me! Something had to be done, so I thought the nicest way of telling them off was to change my number. Maybe I look like an easy touch, but I can spot the

phonies. I know who my real friends are and those others who always try to exploit an actor in some way, force him into proving he isn't an easy mark. And incidentally, they're also the first ones to say he has changed and that his hat no longer fits!"

In Hollywood, it's an established custom for actors to buy local trade papers and space that tells the industry how "great" they were in their last picture. Although he knows he's courting disfavor, not conforming Will Hutchins remains adamant when commissioned ad salesman approach him and make the big pitch.

"I know there are times when we have to make compromises," Will qualifies his stand, "but I still refuse to subscribe to something I don't believe



LIKE to be nonconforming," says Will. "It's a deep-rooted part of my make-up."

remember something that director Arthur Ripley taught me when I took a course in motion picture direction at UCLA. It only strengthened my belief when he advised us, in effect: 'Never tell an audience anything—let them discover themselves.'

'Others may disagree, but I think this also applies to an actor's position in Hollywood. Studio executives run most of the pictures in their private projection rooms and they quickly discover if you have anything on the ball. If they don't want you, believe me, a paid ad extolling your so-called acting virtues, isn't going to get you a job. I want studio heads to want me because they need me and I'll never stop trying to make 'Sugarfoot' more interesting, as long as I'm in the series.'

Supporting his words with action, one day recently Will sat down and wrote a instating eight-page letter to the front office. Because of his quiet, unassuming manner around the studio, his suggestions came as a big surprise to the top brass. "I read every fan letter and consider each criticism carefully," Will avows. "I go to talk to people wherever I go and try to collect a cross-section of opinions. Generally speaking, they think we should bring back more humor and action into each 'Sugarfoot' segment. They say that too much stuff is being shot indoors and ask why I so rarely ride my horse. They also tell me that they're tired of seeing me wear ill-fitting shirts and that same fringed bolero jacket. People do make changes in real life, they point out. So why shouldn't I do it on the screen?"

"Some of my critics believe, and I agree, that our writers can apply more logic and not let the series turn into a soap opera with western outfits. I listed all these things in my letter, but I wasn't fresh or out of order. As an actor, maybe

I was sticking my neck out, but I meant no harm and I'm still glad I wrote the letter. I'm sure it will be read with understanding and given just consideration. I sure hope so, because next season I hope I won't have to pull a Clint Walker (meaning a long suspension with no salary) in order to reach an agreement."

Speaking of next season, Will's started to darken his hair gradually and it will be back to its natural color by then. If the studio isn't aware of his intentions, this little surprise is in store for them.

"It looks so much better when it's natural," says Will, "and when you stop and think about it, blond actors are limited and very few get ahead and stay there. Aside from this, two years of bleaching has made my hair as coarse as rope. There's no way of keeping it combed in place and I get awfully tired of being kidded about it."

Unlike most newcomers who re-evaluate their services following a few good notices, Will isn't unhappy over his modest salary. The knowledge that "Sugarfoot" was listed in the top ten on a recent Nielsen Report is compensating proof that being nonconforming pays off. He's so convinced, in fact, Will dreams of owning his own company some day and his head is bursting with plans.

"When a certain product makes money," he points out, "Hollywood says you can't argue with success—so why take chances? If an actor is to expand, I think he should take chances. But his boss may not agree! With his own company, an actor can incorporate everyone's ideas, and it's not only more creative working as a group, the results have to be better than with one man running the show. This may sound presumptuous coming from someone my age, but I believe it with all my heart and when the time comes, I'll be ready to fight for what I believe."

Now that his second TV season has been filmed, Will has time and he'd like to make a full-length movie before he starts "Sugarfoot-ing" again. He's been reading endless scripts and recently a producer sent for him.

"I was advised to dress in character for this particular role," Will laughs, "this, because producers are prone to think of an actor in terms of parts he's done before. I've heard about actors giving an 'office' performance and even changing their speech when they go for an interview. This isn't for me and I had to be myself when I discussed the part and it was up to the producer to visualize my performance, or let me make a test for it."

Generally speaking, "Sugarfoot" enjoys great popularity throughout the country. But the recent "Canary Kid" segment received such response, the studio immediately followed it up with a sequel. In summing up his rave notice, one astute critic wrote: "Will Hutchins underwhelms his opponents." The whole truth is—this is the secret power that makes Will Hutchins tick! **END**

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"A Man Can't Win"

continued from page 33

hours to cover the distance traveled by the milk train in three.

Naturally, Miss New London telephoned Sunday afternoon, furious. "I don't understand you," she said. "Why were you so cold and indifferent? Where did you GO?"

And so I came to Hollywood where the lessons to be learned about women are queen-sized. For instance, outside of Hollywood, it is assumed that glamour is the first interest of an actress.

Recently I finished a picture called "It Happened To Jane," with Doris Day, Ernie Kovacs and Steve Forrest. In that one, Doris spends most of her time in levis, a plaid shirt, a tousled topknot, and a faceful of freckles. Great girl, Dodo. Her idea of a happy moment was lying in the sun between takes in order to collect another freckle. Very confusing Hollywood type: doesn't smoke, drink, or nightclub; just works, runs her home, and loves her husband and son as if she lived in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

Another recent effort of mine was a picture entitled "Some Like It Hot," starring Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Joe E. Brown. In a script as involved as female logic, Tony and I wound up wearing girls' togs in the midst of a girls' orchestra.

Do you know what everyone who has

seen the picture has asked me, "How did it feel to be a girl?"

I can tell them. Cold.

When Marilyn overheard my answer she gave me one of her ripe grape smiles and cooed, "But no real girl is ever cold."

What I learned about Marilyn from Marilyn is that the cliché about beauty and brains never being bundled together blew up on the launching pad.

Finally, I'd like to point out that there is nothing to equal the ability of a clever woman to reduce the balloon of a man's importance to a mere squeak of hot air. One night not long ago, I was having dinner with Felicia Farr and several other workers in the film industry. I have some ideas about solving the problems of the picture business, and occasionally I'm inclined to air them.

I had held forth for several minutes when I realized that I was making speech. I decided to come off it, and said "Well, that's it. I've had my say and give you my word that I won't mention show business for the rest of the evening."

Felicia spoke the line that blew off the roof. She said with patient sweetness and resignation, "Promises, PROMISES."

I tell you: a man just can't win. But then, who really cares about that? It's trying to win that's fun. **ENI**

Swede 'n' Sexy

continued from page 39

son's family have a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and the two of them spent many days out there, riding, picnicking, sometimes camping.

Of course, after deciding to concentrate on "older men," she settled for one two years younger than she is! And it seemed to work just fine. She liked to compete with him athletically.

Most Swedish people are athletic and so is May. She swims well, rides well and she is generally expert at these matters. She has a sense of fun about them and likes to prove herself.

So it happened that she boasted of her prowess on a bicycle to her husband and his roommate at Stanford. They were so amused at this boasting by this small, blonde creature that they offered to bet her \$500 that she couldn't ride to Los Angeles in five days. And were they surprised when she took them up!

She made it, all 410 miles of it, in five-and-a-half days, stopping for lunch at noon and at motels at night and calling her husband twice a day.

The only difficulty she had . . . if you call it a "difficulty" . . . was that dozens of truck drivers were so upset at seeing this fragile, golden-haired creature pedaling along that they thought they couldn't

bear it if she wouldn't let them pick up her and her bike and deliver her down the road a score of miles or so.

They followed her into lunch wagons and motels, offering to buy her food, apparently convinced that she must be in a bad way financially to be traveling in so humble a fashion.

"They were nice, generous people," she said. "They really wanted to help me."

So . . . she had her \$500 and was pretty smug about it, too. She bought presents for both men with the money . . .

"Did you ride back?" we asked her and she sputtered.

"Are you crazy? They didn't have another \$500 and besides I think that going the other way it is a lot uphill!"

She thinks that perhaps that impromptu trip made her begin to take an interest in cooking . . . at least, in cooking hot dogs and hamburgers.

"I never took the slightest interest in cooking before," she says. "I didn't care what I ate or what anyone else ate. But at those stops everything smelled so good and tasted so good. I decided I'd like to try something myself."

She even learned to mix a "tossed green salad," although, she admits, "I don't like all the raw stuff."



OST Swedes are athletic and so is May. She swims, rides horseback, plays tennis.

They have even had what she calls some "eency" parties. An eency party, we gather, is for not more than four. This called for some real courage on May's part, that with her tendency to stage fright. But she came off all right, she thinks. At least they invited us back to another party!"

May insists that she has never weighed herself in four whole years. "I just keep track of my dress size," she says. "That seems to be enough." But when the dress sizes go up a notch or two, you will see May cutting out the potatoes at lunch. "I am extravagant," she says. "Especially about clothes. I cannot resist beautiful clothes. I like the most expensive sports things, cashmeres, lovely wools, clear, fine colors. Of course, I don't care for formal things because I don't like parties at all. But my husband tried to change me about that. 'You will have to go to some parties,' he kept telling me. 'Meanwhile, I want to buy sweaters and tailored slacks and lovely jackets. I like clear green and black and pink and blue, I want things tailored to an eye-ash, even if I am only going to wear them at home.'

"I like a few 'in-between' dresses, just in case I have to go to lunch somewhere . . . and I want those to be perfection, too. Dark colors, mostly, although

a clear white is nice for hot weather.

"If I am going out in the daytime I do not follow the Hollywood customs. I wear a hat and gloves and carry a matching bag. I simply don't like this hatless, gloveless Hollywood custom!"

She was sounding downright prim but she suddenly broke off with, "Did I tell you about the very first house we rented? It was in a canyon and we went to look at it first by night. We said we'd take it and the next thing we knew the roof was leaking like a sieve! We were both soaked to the skin and the floor was awash. Pots and pans were floating all over the place. The lights went out.

"We kept telling ourselves we were having 'an adventure' but what we were really having was a horrid experience and we both knew it. No sense in trying to laugh off a thing like that!"

May, after all, is a realist.

But she admits that she takes things "coolly" because things have come easily to her. "I was an only child," she says, "and had a wonderful childhood. The only frustration I can recall is that my father wouldn't let me have a puppy for Christmas. He let me have everything else I wanted. No wonder that I take things easily. I have never had to struggle for anything. I don't intend to."

In addition to the faults she thinks are hers . . . extravagance, a hot temper, an impetuous nature, May adds, simply, "I drive too fast. I've been told again and again but I just can't seem to help it."

When I saw May she was most friendly and talked freely of her marriage and her career. There was no indication at all of any trouble brewing in her marriage. But then May has an easy-going way about her that can be misleading. So it was quite a shock to me when only a few weeks later May announced that she and her husband were parting. She gave as the reason the fact that her work kept her in Hollywood while Gregson had to spend most of his time in Palo Alto. Of course, it could be another case of career versus marriage, but whatever the trouble was, one thing is certain and that is that May will be one of the big stars of the future, as all who have seen "The Blue Angel" will agree. **END**

A Bit Of All Right

continued from page 46

Disney with three casting directors with that look on their faces that says they're watching everything about you—your walk, your eye-blink, your voice. Then I took a good look at Walt Disney and I felt relief at once. 'He looks like real people,' I said to myself. 'He's got a nice kind face. He wears trousers and a jacket. Like real people.'

One week later, her agent telephoned

her with the good news. She was to be the first girl Walt Disney ever signed to a five-year, five-movie contract.

Already Janet is known as a lovable character in the trade—a brave one, too. She refused a double in "Third Man On The Mountain," climbing an Alpine peak that has given professional mountain climbers pause. In another scene, she

continued on page 68

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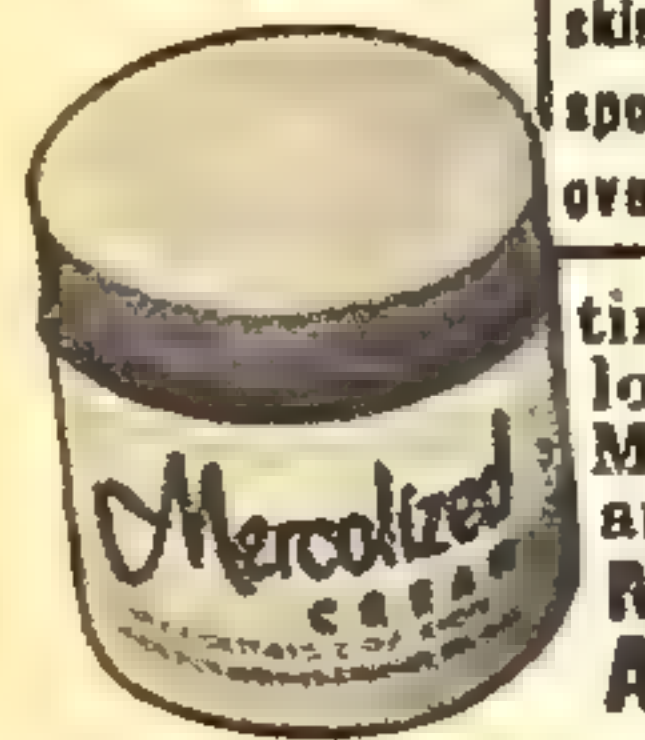
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A BIT OF ALL RIGHT

continued

swung from a rope above a 3,000-foot drop. Her associates were baffled. "Why?" they asked. "Why do you do these things when you don't have to?"

"So nobody can say it was done with mirrors," Janet replies.

It's her own way of talking about dedication to profession.

When I last talked to her, Janet was about to leave America on a visit to England. Another friendship that had been begun amidst grand hopes, mutual admiration, and Janet's need for people, had been lost. Tony Wright, a 33-year-old English actor, had married Janet in 1957 after she stumbled across him—literally—as he was sitting on the floor at a party in London.

"He called me a stupid mare," Janet said, "and then felt so guilty about his rudeness he kept taking me to dinner and finally married me."

But Janet's career has taken her to Ireland, Spain, Hollywood, Jamaica and Switzerland. Her husband's profession was just as nomadic. "It was the old story," said Janet. "Like my school days of making a friend the one week I was in town and then having to move on. Our marriage eventually just didn't make any sense."

Janet was returning to talk about divorce proceedings.

She sat on a sofa, legs tucked under her, dressed in blouse and peasant skirt. On her jingling charm bracelet danced the latest addition—a gold chalet honoring her last film, "Third Man On the Mountain." She looked like a precocious child playing truant from school. Her talk, however, reminded one of just what she was—an intelligent, witty and happy person, so professionally mature she seemed to be as interested in why questions were asked her as she was in the answering of them.

Janet lacks the usual caution of entertainment people who worry about the enemies honest answers often make. Unlike so many people who enjoy making others laugh, Janet can be kidded. She doesn't mind being ribbed. "It's a cheap price to pay for having nice people around," she says.

Fresh from Hollywood, she was asked what she thought of the film capital.

"It isn't a city at all," she replied. "It's a world of papier mache so spread out it takes forever to get from point A to point B. Only the sunshine seems genuine. I went for the motels in a big way. We have no such thing in England. I moved into one with a swimming pool. I enjoy stretching out in a chaise lounge and getting warm in the sun. My first day there, a five-year-old boy came up, looked at me and said, 'So what are you trying to prove doing this?' Even the kids are versed in psychiatric talk there in Hollywood.

"I'm very fond of the salads in Hollywood restaurants. They make the plates

look so pretty. But they give you so much of it you lose part of your appetite thinking of all the food you're going to have to leave on the plate.

"In Hollywood, you're apparently required by law to travel by car. Once I was returning from a dental appointment and decided to walk back to the motel. A cop stopped me. 'Do you see anybody else walking?' he asked. I said I didn't. 'Right,' he said. 'So get off the street. There just aren't supposed to be pedestrians in parts of Hollywood, I guess.

"It would be easy for me to—as we English say—go fruit in a place like Hollywood. You know. Go off my stick and drop a bomb.

"Next to the freeways out there, the shops astound me. I tried to buy a pair of shoes in one place and the sales girl said, 'You don't have the right feet for these shoes.' There was a chiropodist right on the premises, it turned out, and I had to have \$12 worth of foot treatment before I could buy a pair of \$7 shoes.

"The clerks in the dress shops I went to paid not a bit of attention to you. They lounged on counters and said, 'Hi Doll. Want something, Honey? Or just want to browse around a bit?'

"When I convinced them once I wanted to buy, they tried to sell me everything but what I'd asked for. I finally found the dress I wanted without their help and put it on. Then what do you think happened? 'Gee, that dress is cute on her too,' said one of the women. 'Two of us tried it on but we didn't think it was your type. Hey, Mary, come in here and see her in this dress.' The girl named Mary came in and said, 'I don't think my husband would like it on me.' The one of the others said to me, 'I'd like to try it on again after you, Honey.'

"I mean, how relaxed can you get without falling apart?"

When she's through with these on man shows, Janet proves that she can answer questions like any other film star.

She rides a bicycle in preference to driving a car. She keeps a bachelorette apartment in London, shuns night life, insists on eight hours of sleep a night on a soft bed. She would rather eat out than cook and usually orders steak. She dabbled in dancing and acrobatics and she swims whenever she can find the time—all of which keeps her wonderfully coordinated and her hundred-pound figure an attractive one.

Her ambition?

"To find a play or a script in which I'll be allowed to play a woman," she says. "I don't think I've ever played a girl older than 18 in all my years in the theatre. And all these dialects I have to learn! Why, I haven't used my own voice professionally in the last two years.

As this reporter was leaving, Janet Munro apologized for having returned to her hotel room late for our appointment.

"I wanted to make sure you'd be here," she explained. "I can't stand a room without people in it."

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

arrived at director Peter Glenville's home in London, to take possession. Mrs. Peter had told both separately, could use the place. Alec, always gentleman, left Katie in possession. Lana Turner's new motto—"Even a doesn't get into trouble if it keeps mouth shut." . . . Lucille Ball bet that no one in America can keep more than \$25,000 a year, what with being what they are. In that case, do so many people today—many of in show business—manage to become millionaires?

Bob Hunter could retire on the money made during his recent tour of Australia. . . . Now that Tab is freelancing no longer under contract to Warners, can he make some virile westerns for screen. Tab is popular, but for some reason hasn't gone as far as expected in on pictures. . . . Gary Crosby tells "All the boys wanted to live together, something called wives broke that. The boys, Philip, Lindsay and Denise use Gary's home in the hills for a living place—when they are not a quarrel on the road. "I call us the four dancing bears," says Gary.

Gary Grant has put it on record that he wants to marry again, and this time wants to have children. Cary is 54, whatever Cary wants, Cary can get. Jayne Mansfield swears she will do another film with top British actor, Kenneth More. Insists he treated her badly while they made "The Sheriff Fractured Jaw." I'd say the script treated her worse. . . . Diana Dors has seduced the business tycoons—she sells shampoo. But I wonder how many really want to have that brassy blonde shade preferred by Diana? . . . Dawn Addams. She expected so much from her marriage with Italy's

Prince Massimo. Now she has to go begging to see their four year old son—the prince has the custody. "But I'll get my son back," she assured me. "Nature is stronger than the law." For her sake, I hope so.

All the long shots in "Solomon And Sheba" feature the late Tyrone Power. There was a wonderful job of matching Ty's work with Yul Brynner's, who incidentally was paid one million dollars for taking over the role of Solomon when Ty died so tragically while filming in Spain. . . . Both Mrs. James Mason and her daughter Porty have been taking the slendering cure at the Fair Lady Salon. They are sometimes joined by the daughter of Zsa Zsa Gabor. That's one steam room in which I'd like to eavesdrop. . . . It isn't true that Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" western will run 34 hours on the screen. But it will be a four-hour longie.

Jerry Lewis isn't dashing around the way he used to, and this is good news for his friends. Jerry even takes a nap at lunchtime instead of conducting business on six phones at once. Ex-partner Dean Martin was always the more relaxed of the two. . . . Gina Lollobrigida has six cameras—all to take photographs of her baby son. She'll simmer down after the second baby arrives. . . . Rhonda Fleming went to Europe to land a man. And she did, Felix Fostel. Rhonda isn't too keen on film festivals. Neither is Mamie Van Doren. When Mamie attended the Venice Film Festival a year ago, she was feeling ill and had to cancel some photographs with the press—"But they marched right into my bathroom with a camera!" The photo showed Mamie in tears. The caption explained she had liver trouble! . . . And that's all for now—from your Hollywood reporter, Sheilah Graham. **END**

All-Or-Nothing Gamble

continued from page 14

standing there in stockinged feet and tan slippers, he still was a towering specimen six feet six—a bronzed, clear-eyed and tireless study in beefcake.

Clint's pretty brunette wife, Lucille, was sitting happily in the open kitchen off the den, with his ten-year-old daughter, Valerie, at her heels. It was a considerably more lavishly appointed home than his previous one—with all new furniture including striking white naugahyde sectional couches, and back-to-back flagstone fireplaces in the living room and dining room. A rear picture window afforded a view of where concrete had been freshly poured for the Walker swimming pool.

Clint took unmistakable pride in his new home. Yet there was no indication that he interpreted his fattened paycheck, eased work load and broadened career as a mandate for flamboyant self-indulgence. That's simply not Clint.

"Sure," Clint amiably agreed that his style of living had been upgraded since his new deal with Warners. "I've got a '56 Cadillac out there," he pointed toward the driveway. "I got rid of my old '48 Cadillac. I had it three years and I got quite attached to it, but I gave it to someone who didn't have a car and needed one. This will be the first time I've had a

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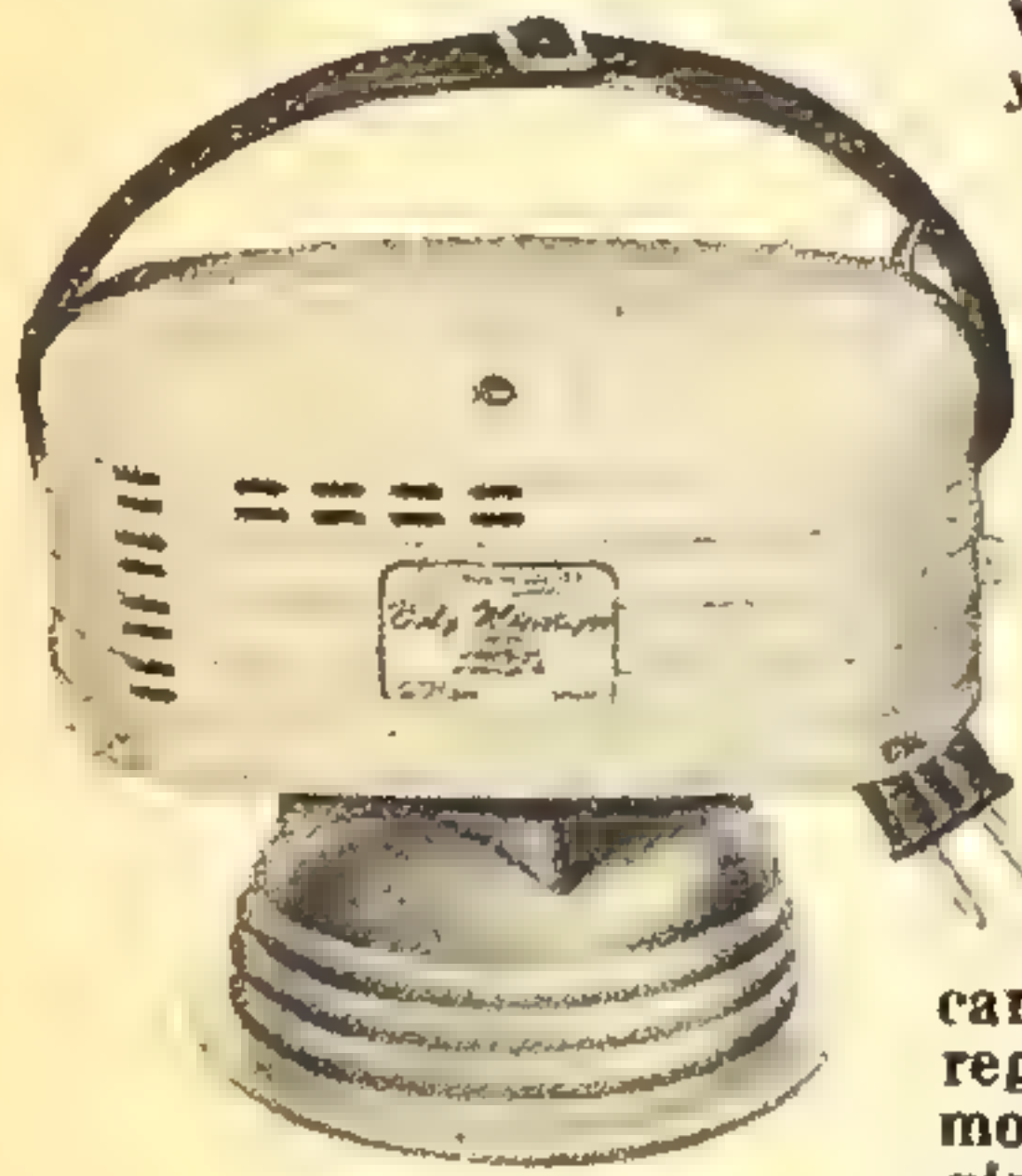
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ALL-OR-NOTHING GAMBLE

continued

swimming pool, and this is the first time we've had a house with two baths. And we're up in the hills now."

Living in the hills, more than anything else, seemed to Clint the measure of how far he had come since the days, not too long ago, when he, his wife and daughter roughed it in a deserted shack on Texas wasteland and had to keep the dog from devouring the chickens so they would have something to eat. His reverence for the hills suggested a greater interest in serenity than in luxury.

"It costs more money to live here," Clint acknowledged, "but we're not doing it for the prestige. We're doing it because we like to be up high." A nostalgic smile played around the corners of his mouth. "When I was a kid I always liked to have a tree-house. You have to put up with inconveniences you don't have below. You have to drive through narrow, winding roads to get here. I'm farther from work. Valerie is farther away from school. There are certain regulations here which make it more costly to build. But in the hills you're out of the smog. You can breathe fresh air and relax. You have your privacy. I wouldn't live anywhere else."

Clint's wife, with Valerie still tagging along, excused herself, perkily got into her new red Thunderbird—another sign of Clint's improved status—and drove to the market to buy some groceries after checking with Clint on what he felt like having for dinner. She treated him as if he had come home after a hard day's work on a Lockheed assembly line. It was no accident that the recent upturn in Clint's fortunes had not transformed his wife into an ornament.

"How many women do you know in Hollywood," his challenge showed the esteem in which he held her, "who would fix their own hair and cook a decent meal if they had to?"

The very thought of a house running with servants seemed to make Clint's blood run cold.

"If you had so much money that it was important to have a huge house, and do a great deal of entertaining," he tried to maintain a reasonable attitude, "then I'd say a butler was justified. But if you let yourself get to the point where you need a cook to make your meals, a maid to serve them, a butler to open and close doors for you, and a valet to dress you, then you're in danger of losing all ability to do anything for yourself."

There was no sign that Clint's values had undergone any overhauling that would put him in such peril. He erected the grapestake fence around his house. He made shelves and other bric-a-bric in his workshop, and he still had many more chores ahead.

"There's a lot of lattice work I've got to do," he ticked off his household agenda. "I've got to make some bird houses. I've got to fence off storage areas for trash



WITH daughter Valerie. Says Clint of studio fight, "It was a thing I had to do"

cans. I have to build a set of higher breech way gates. I've got to make some cabins. There's lots of stuff I've got to build. What do I need someone else to do these things for me as long as I've the use of my own hands?"

Clint unabashedly owned up to an appetite for better living, but he didn't fall into the trap of equating such ambition with extravagance.

"We intend to build three or four yet from now," he allowed, conceding that his family probably would outgrow the spanking new two-bedroom home. "It will be bigger than this, but I have no desire for a mansion. It isn't homey. It's more like a warehouse."

A perplexed smile creased his face as he expressed his disdain for high living.

"How much do you really need out of life?" his raised eyebrows conveyed contempt for putting on the dog. "I don't believe in getting used to a lot of things you couldn't do without. It's all right to splurge once in a while, but not to make a habit out of it. There's nothing wrong with wanting to do better, but I think it's ridiculous to want a 30-room house with all kinds of guest rooms, maids and butlers, four or five autos, two or three other houses somewhere else, furnished in such a lavish manner that everything is ridiculously expensive. No sir, I don't want to get used to a lot of things I can't do without."

Clint's reasoning seemed to stem from the hoary but worthy aphorism that the bigger they are the harder they fall. He had no intention of putting too much distance between his scale of living and the uncertainties of the future.

"Nothing is that definite," he made pointed reference to the treachery of serenity. "Life is an ever changing thing. No one can ever presume what will or will not be. You're always fooled a little. Fate has her own ideas, and we have to adjust to her whims or become extinct like the dinosaur. Just hope for the best, and don't be surprised at the worst."

was this philosophy, doubtless, that led Clint to confound Hollywood by angling his career on the block in an all-or-nothing gamble on his own worth. The settlement of his differences, however, seemed to have given him no false sense of security.

"Right now," he conceded forthrightly, "I'm an up and coming star. I just made 'Howstone Kelly,' a feature picture which the studio is very high on. Everything looks good. Next year, I'll be making more money. I'll be more popular. I'll be in demand, and I look forward to more and better things. At the same time, I don't know how the horse could kick at the wrong time and how my face in, and the whole situation could change. Nothing is for sure. I only know that it will turn out considerably different from the plans I have in mind. What the differences will be I don't know. I must consider each day with tongue in cheek, and enjoy it as it comes along." Even Clint's new hilltop home, replete with new furniture and new workshop, did not emerge as a result of expensive new ideas. He was forced into it because he had not been bluffing when he threatened to quit Hollywood. He had been so serious about moving to Belleville, Ill., and opening a health food store with his sister, Lillian Westbrook, that he sold his home, furniture and workshop equipment. "I had no choice," he grinned dryly. "I had to find a new place to live. I had to get new furniture, and I had to put a workshop in my garage."

Moreover, he didn't even abandon plans to go into the health food business with his sister. Instead of becoming an active partner, he staked her and her husband on the hope that eventually they might develop a chain of such stores.

Clint said the store had no name yet, but that it did have a slogan: "Your health is your wealth. Spend it wisely."

The same aversion to squandering health and wealth ran through all Clint's thinking—and it helped explain his wariness of living on the hog. Yet despite his fear of being overtaken by creeping luxury, Clint isn't sheepish about having succumbed to a backyard swimming pool, once but no longer a garish symbol of having gone Hollywood; nor did he have apologies for living gone on the two-bathroom standard. He regarded these as reasonable comforts in daily life—not as extravagances calculated to dazzle the peasantry.

"I used to go to public pools a lot when I was a kid," he recalled distastefully. "I don't like to go swimming with a lot of people. I figure in my work it's a necessity for me to be able to come home and take a swim. It helps keep me fit and I enjoy it."

Almost wistfully, Clint recounted how he spent much of his time during the year he walked out on his career—perhaps, for all he knew, never to return to it.

"I swam a lot in the rivers up north last summer while I was on suspension," he said with undisguised fondness in his deep, low-pitched voice. "That's the best

kind of swimming. There's no salt water and no chlorine in those rivers. The water is nice and clean. You can see real easy in it."

On some seven different occasions, Clint went on two and three week expeditions into Northern California, exploring for gold in mines, streams and river bottoms. It was while prospecting in the north, south and middle forks of the American, Feather, Stanislaus and Yuba Rivers that he got in most of his swimming.

"I used to explore with a set of flippers and a face mask, find a place that looked good, then put on the tank and work for an hour and a half at a time," he said. "On the way to the ocean, thousands of years ago, placer gold carried by the creeks and rivers was deposited in secret places and sank through the sand and gravel to bedrock. I searched these rivers for places where mother nature was most likely to have hidden her hoard."

Although Clint's intrepid efforts at river bottom were rewarded with no storybook bonanzas, he showed no chagrin.

"I wouldn't have traded the time I spent in those parts for anything," he spoke feelingly. "After the spring floods the water slows down and the rivers clear up. The Yuba—above Grass Valley—is one of the cleanest I ever swam in. You can see beautifully in it. I not only did a lot of swimming, I rolled logs and cut trees. When there were no roads, I put our gear on makeshift sleds I made with logs or other pieces of wood that happened to be available, tied the sled to the back of the motorcycle, and made tracks through the most primitive country I've seen. We made one run like that 4,000 feet down a steep drop from the Chinese trail to the bottom of the canyon. We really roughed it. Once we slept in an abandoned old mining shack, with the roof gone and only a floor and two walls. Our paths crossed constantly with bears, deer and coons—none of which ever bothered us."

Clint shifted in his chair, crossing his long legs, a contented grin of recollection on his lean, jutting face.

"In some ways it was a bad year," he made no effort to polyanize in retrospect, "but as far as my time in the north country was concerned, it was a good year. I had a lot of fun and adventure. I had a

continued on page 72

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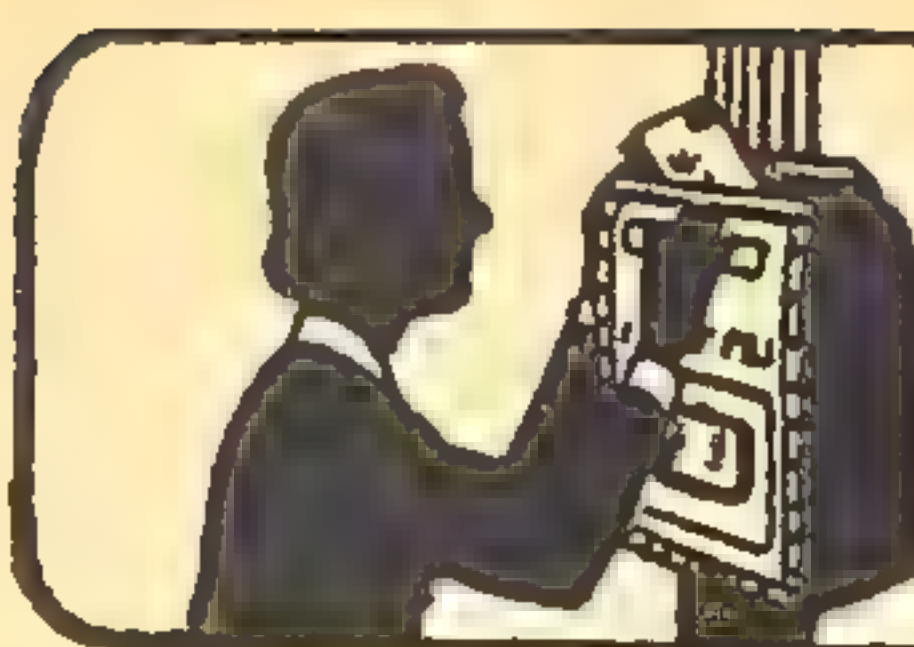


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ALL-OR-NOTHING GAMBLE

continued

lot of time to think. I made lasting friendships with people who never heard of me." He paused meaningfully. "And I learned who my friends were in Hollywood."

Clint seemed more amused than scornful. Nevertheless there was no escaping the implication that those who tested out were not remotely as numerous as the backslappers who had swarmed around him like flies at a summer picnic. But Clint offered calm assurance that he felt neither rancor nor regret.

"I don't think about it anymore," he shrugged. "For the most part I've forgotten it. To the degree that I won't forget, I profit by what I learned. Hollywood is so full of phonies that it's hard for these people to believe you when you tell them something. They didn't believe me, but they found out. It was a thing I had to do, and I did it. If I had to do it again, I would. But I don't think I'll have to."

Clint's attitude was philosophical.

"It hasn't changed me," he smiled laconically. "I'm just a little wiser. But I think anybody should be wiser with the passing years. I learned that one of the worst tragedies, not only in Hollywood but all over the world and all through history, is the inability of people to admit when they're wrong."

Nor did he suggest that he was necessarily invulnerable to that failing.

"There was a time," he willingly pointed out, "when I was a young boy that the same thing caused me a lot of trouble. I'd fight rather than admit I was wrong. Finally one day I said to myself, 'There's nothing wrong with being wrong. The only thing wrong with being wrong is when you continue to make the same

mistakes.' Anybody can be wrong. Very few people can admit it. I'm sure many wars have been fought over things that should have been laughed off and gotten. I have nothing against pride, vanity, what I've seen of it, is such a pathetic thing. It causes so much grief. People have killed to appease their vanity, have made the innocent suffer. Anything, but admit they're wrong."

Clint did not trouble to hang wind-dressing on his thoughts. Nor, on the other hand, did he yield to bitterness. His was that of a man who had come to terms with realities, and who did not doubt that the future held new and unexpected realities with which he would have to deal without resentment and without naivety. Clint Walker was neither an angry young man, nor a complacent one.

"I'm reasonably happy," he smiled faintly as he walked across the living room to sit next to me on the sectional. "I'm still alive and kicking. The future looks pretty bright. The present is all I can expect it to be right now. Nothing worthwhile ever comes easy. People who look for something for nothing are going to be looking for it till their dying day."

He swung around and looked through the window to the quiet street outside. His expression grew more thoughtful.

"I'm never entirely pleased or entirely displeased," he gave voice to his abiding conviction that man is meant to keep reaching. "Life is a journey. One day is going to be cloudy. One day it's going to be sunny. If it weren't that way, it would get pretty monotonous."

Somehow, as he expressed these sentiments, it did not appear that the Clint Walker of old had changed—or that he was in any danger of being corrupted by good fortune.

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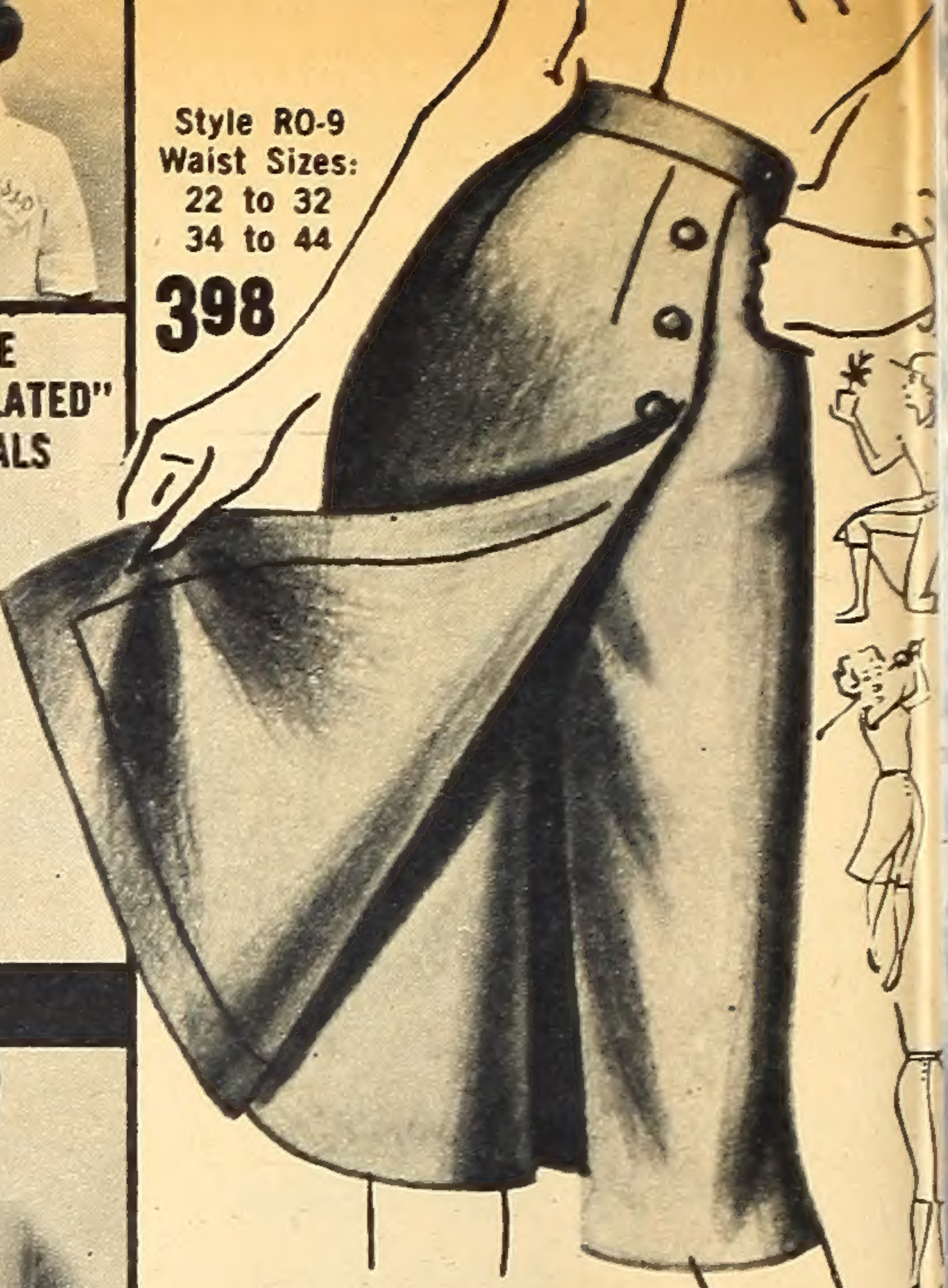
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GUARANTEE**

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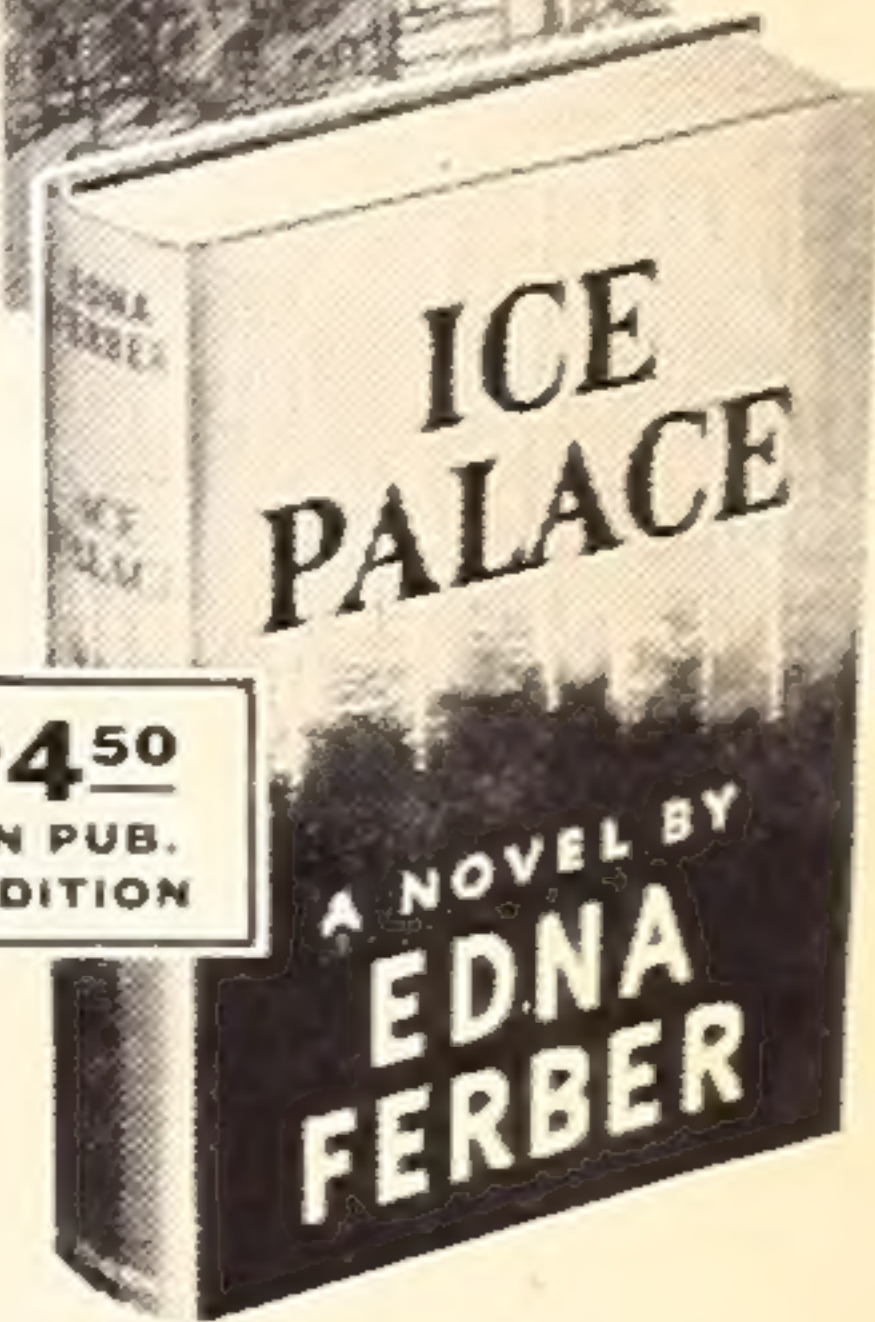
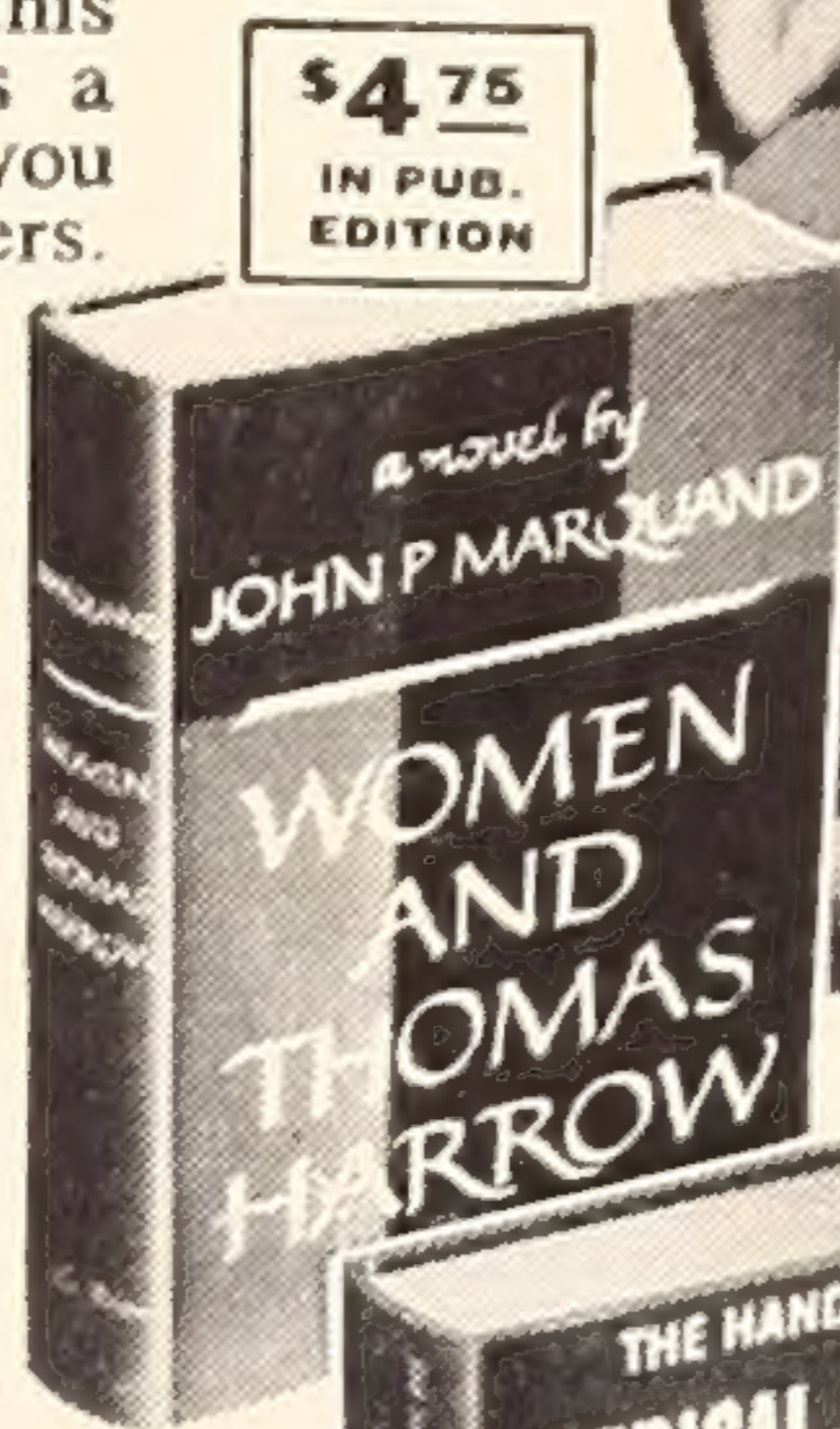
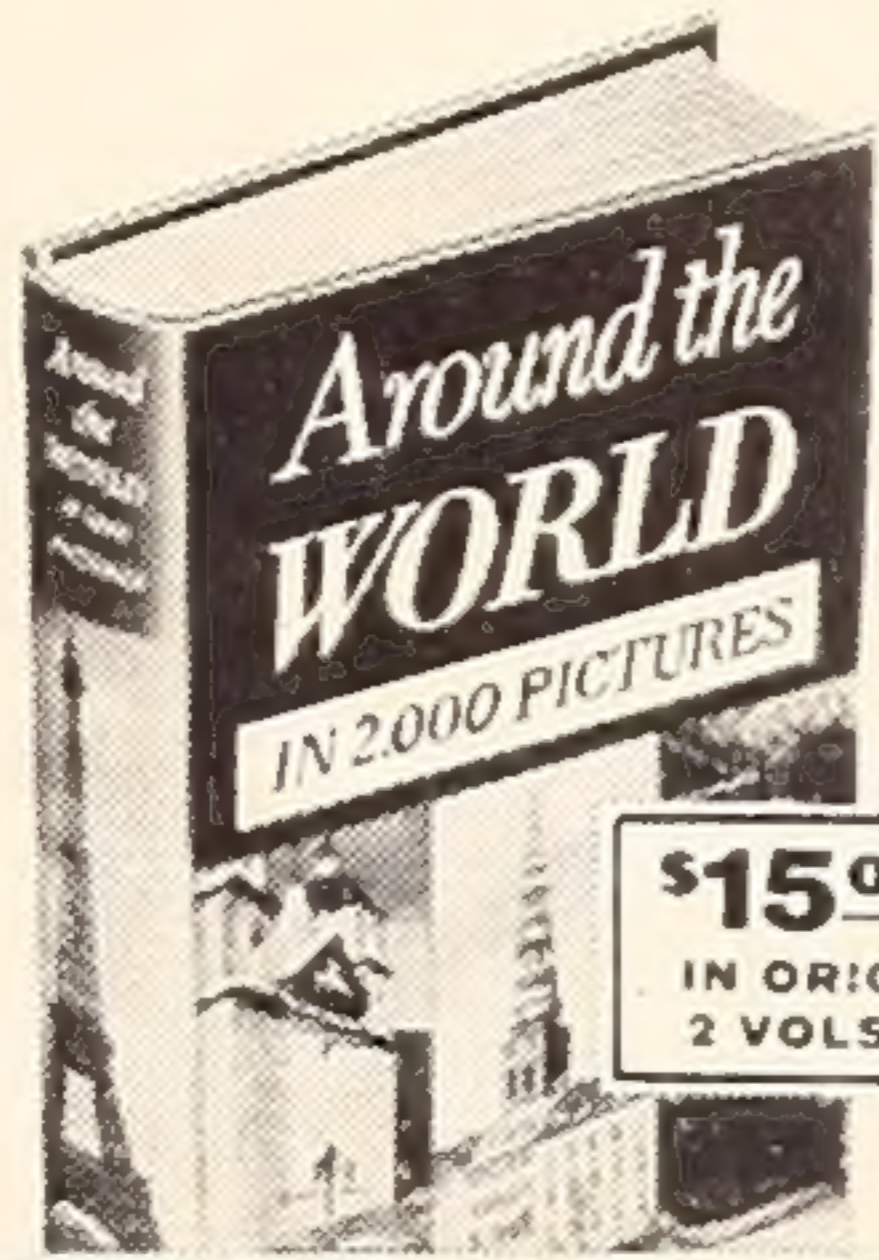
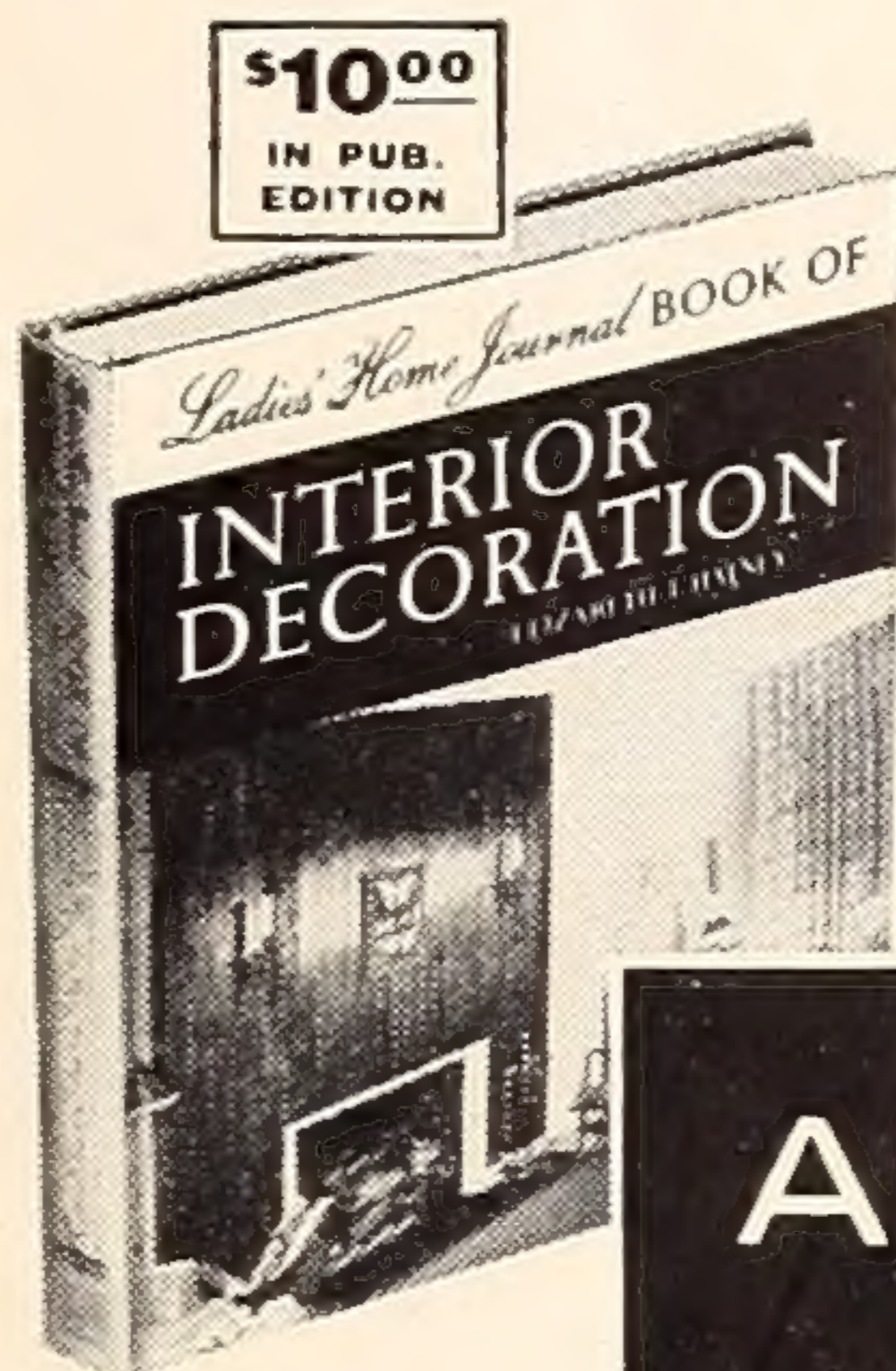
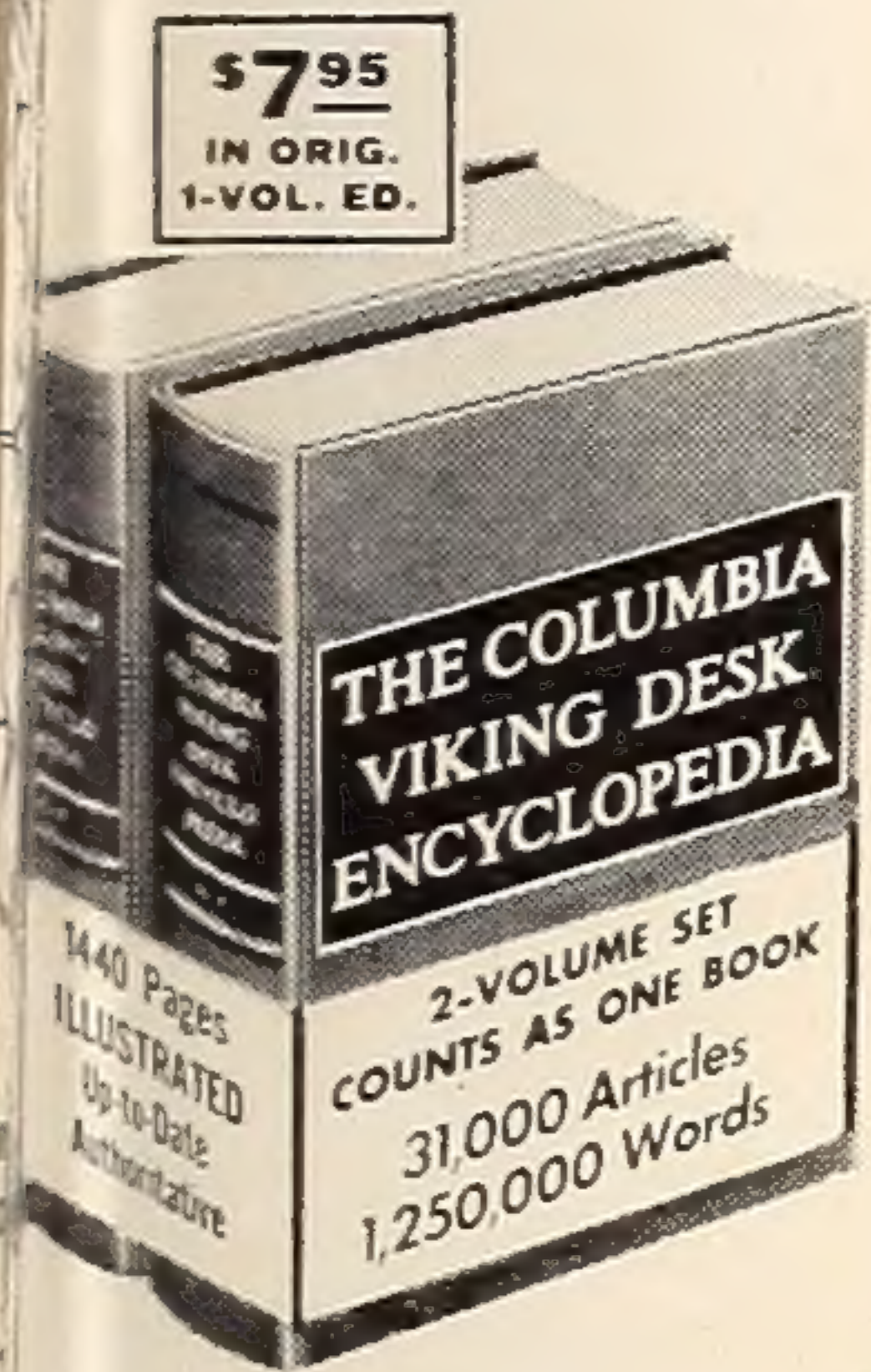
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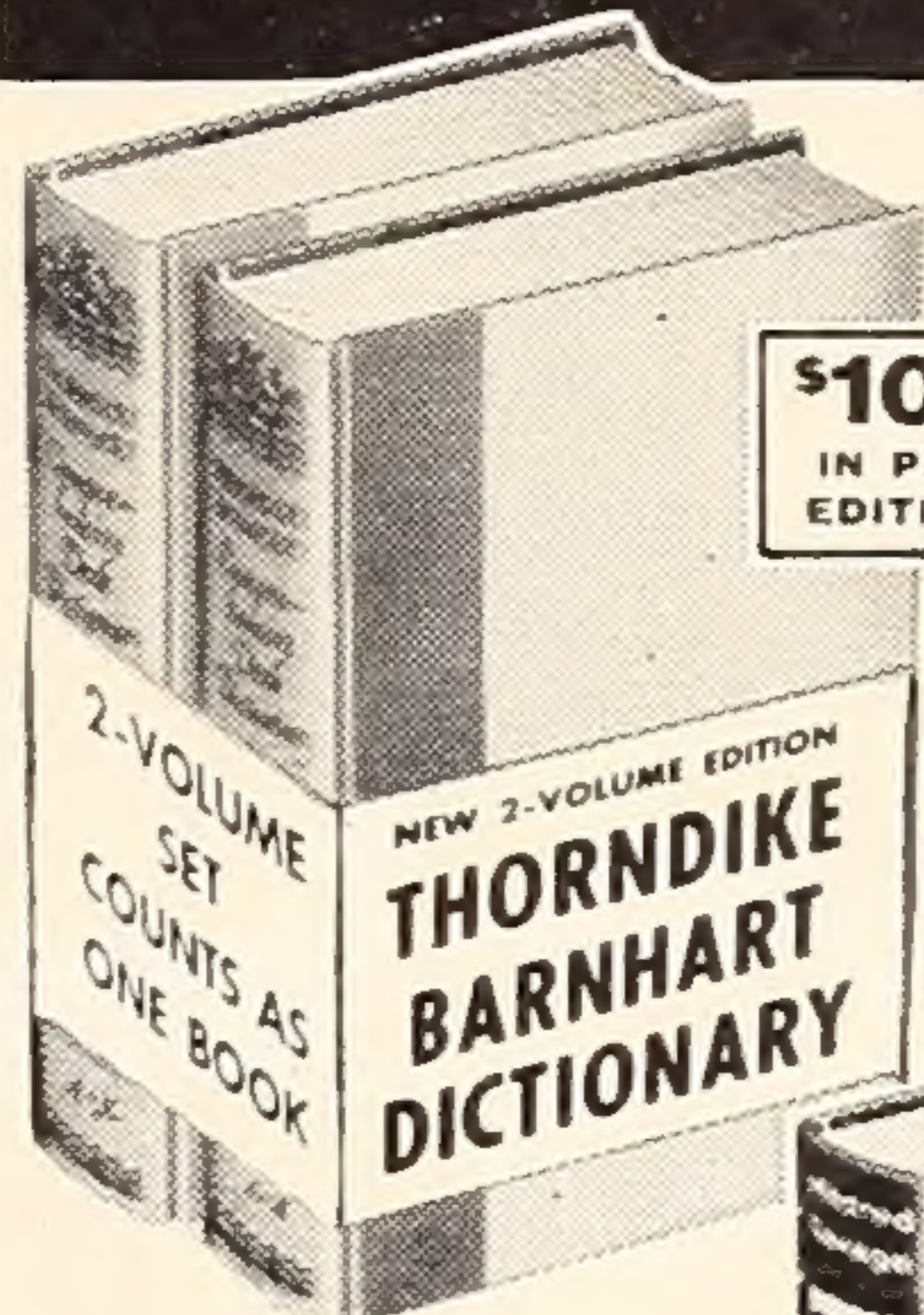


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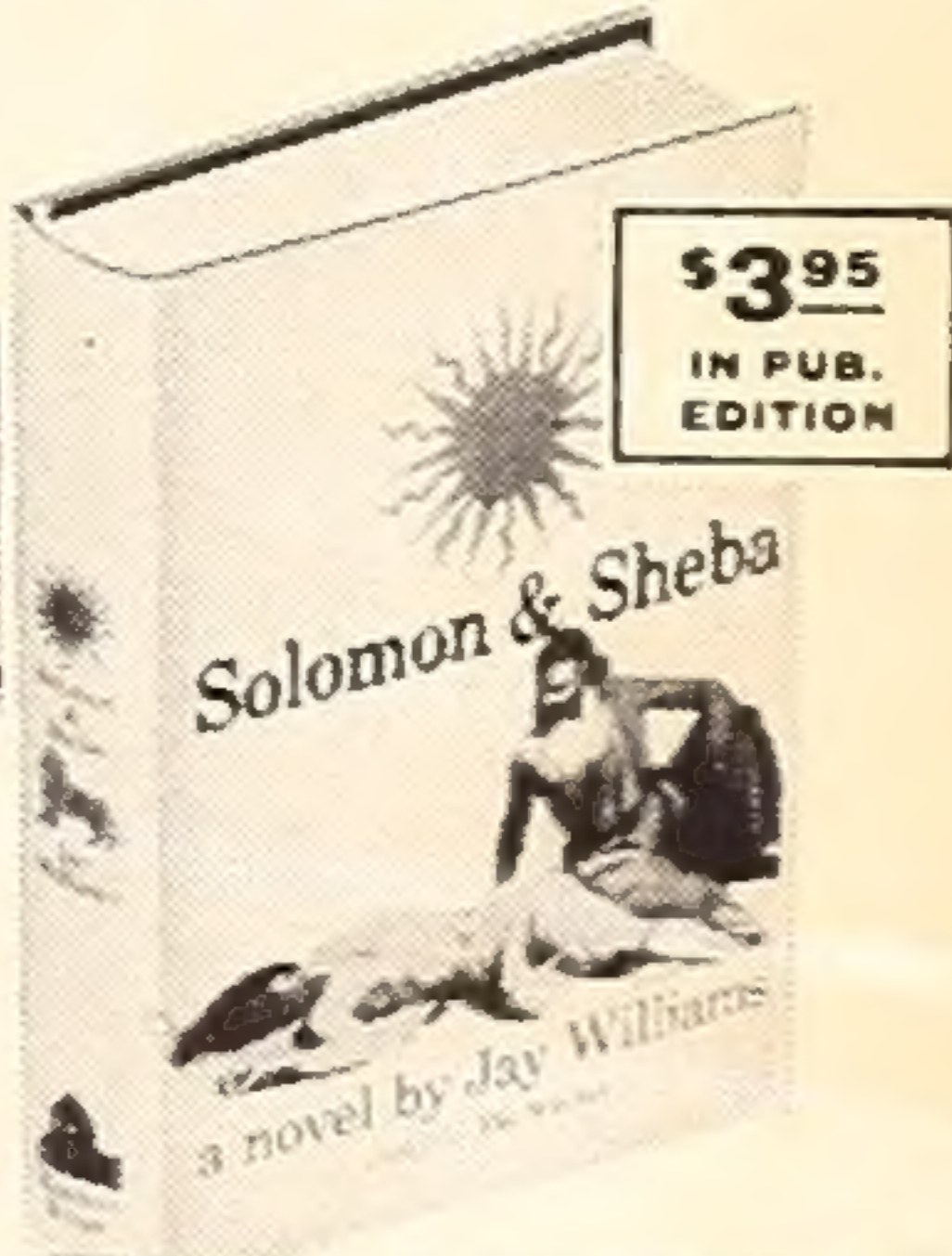
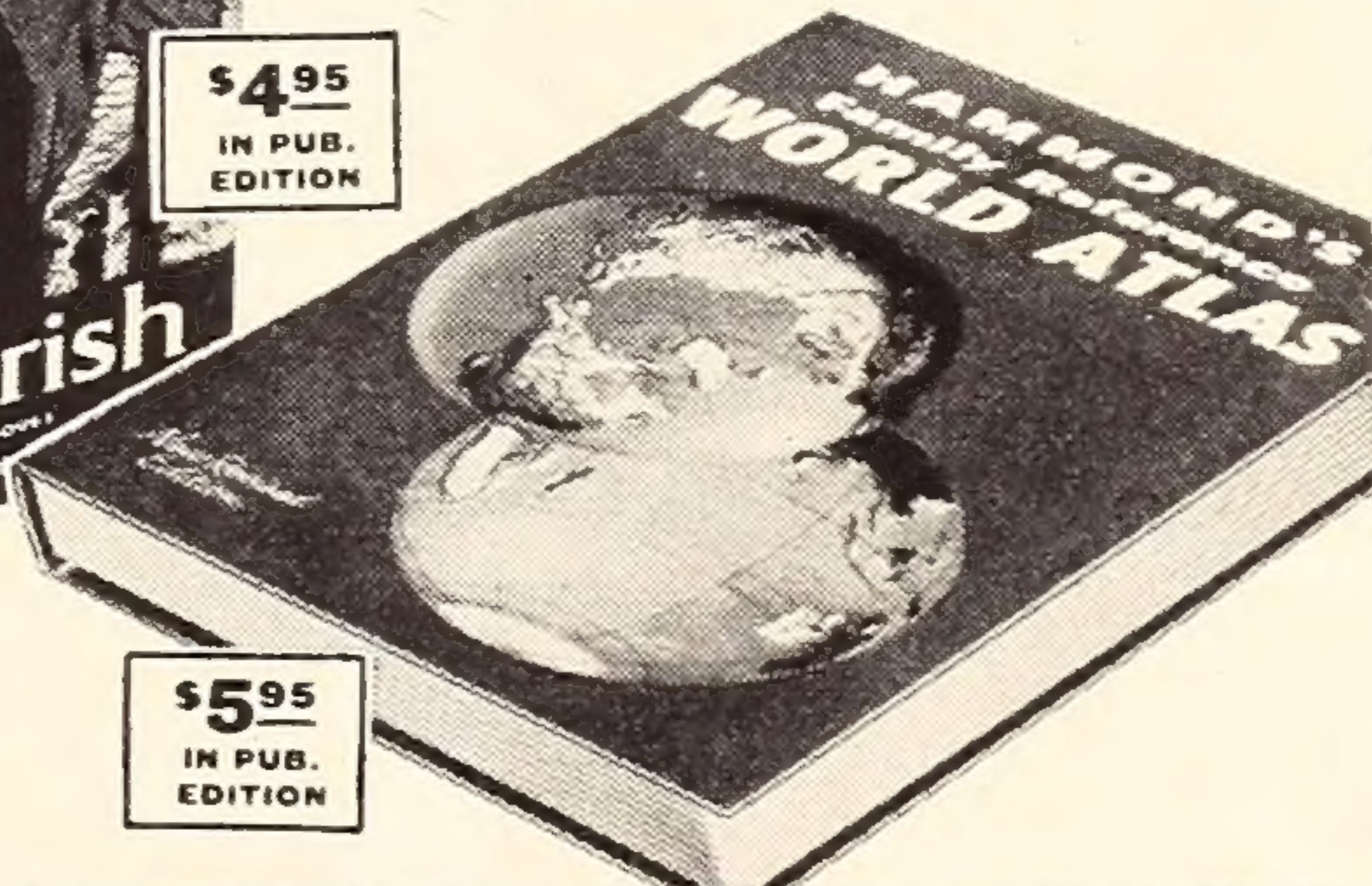
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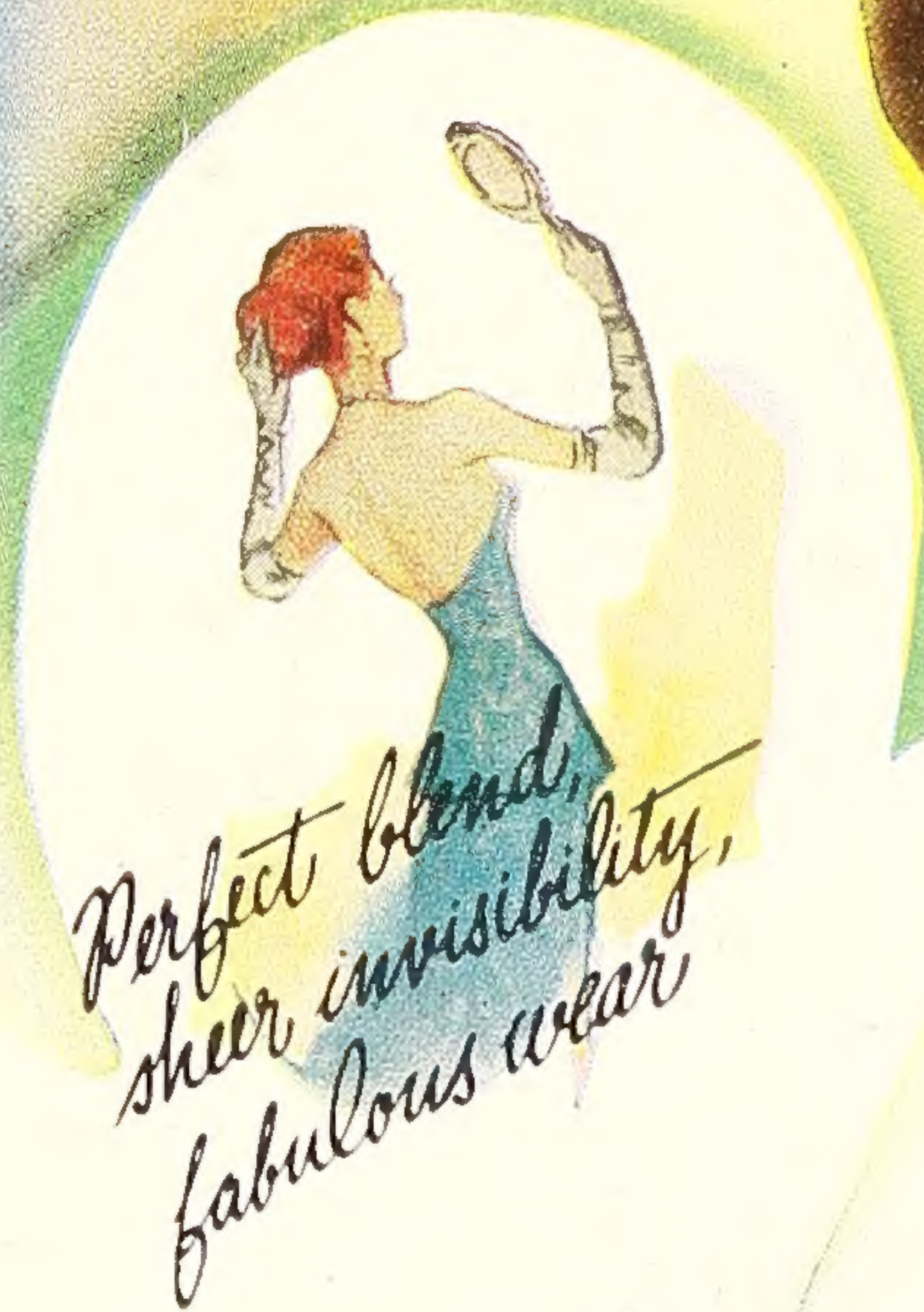
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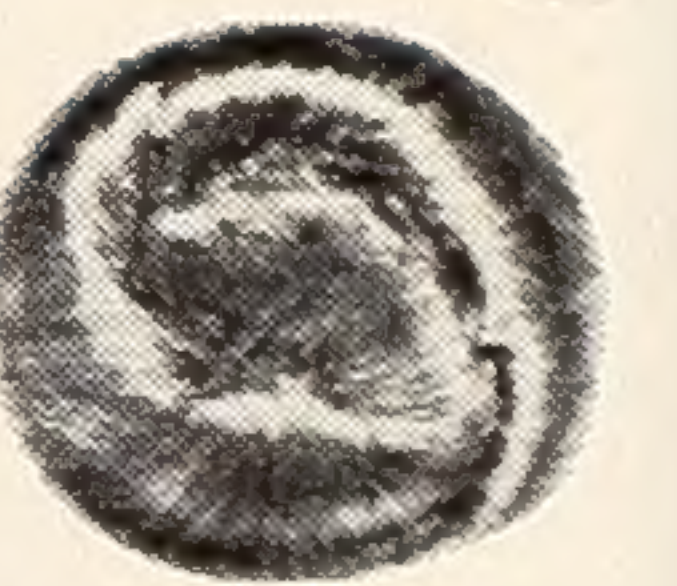
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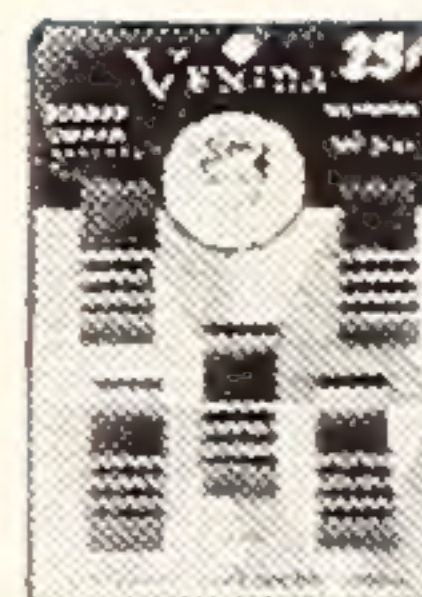
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